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THE DUCK FILLY.

MR. EDITOR:

Lowndesboro', June 1, 1835.

Your April number of the Register calls for the pedigree of the Duck Filly—she belongs to me, and I shall be happy to see her pedigree and performances placed on a safer record than the letter from which I now copy it.

PEDIGREE AND PERFORMANCES.

I do certify, that the bay mare Maria or Duck Filly, sold by me to the late John C. McRae, of Camden, was bred by me and got by Virginius; her dam, Roxana, by the imported horse Marplot, was bred by

Gen. John McPherson, of whom I purchased her, and was out of one of his best mares, and I think, by the imported Flimnap, and was a great favourite of his. She was a good racer.

1803, She won the first silver cup ever run for in this state, (South Carolina.)

And in 1804 or 5, ran second to Gallatin in the handicap race at Charleston, beating Ariadne and several other celebrated racers.

The above bay mare Maria, or Duck Filly, was foaled in 1819.

Given under my hand this 9th day of February, 1835.

Signed, RICHARD SINGLETON.

PERFORMANCES.—At three years old, she won a sweepstake at Clarendon, mile heats, beating three others.

The first day's purse at Statesburgh, three mile heats, at three heats, beating Col. Richardson's horse Corvissart, and Mr. Spann's filly, Virginia.

The first day's purse at Camden, three mile heats, two weeks after.

And the first day's purse at Charleston, four mile heats, beating Corvissart again, and Mr. Wirt's celebrated horse Shawnee.

At four years old she trained unkindly, and if run was beaten.

At five years of age, she won the first day's purse at Cherokee Ponds, four mile heats, beating Col. Wynn's Vanity and Muckle John, sire of Muckle John, Jr.

The winter following she was beaten at Augusta, four mile heats.

And at Charleston, she won a sweepstakes, mile heats, three best in five, at seven heats, the four first heats she lost, and won the three last.

RICHARD SINGLETON.

Her Produce in my Possession.

A chestnut filly, Maid of Perth, now six years old, by Crusader.

A chestnut colt, foaled in the spring of 1833, by Col. Singleton's Godolphin.

A bay colt, foaled the spring of 1835, by Godolphin, (since dead.) Now stinted to Argyle.

Produce of Maid of Perth.

A chestnut filly, foaled the spring of 1834, by Godolphin.

A colt this spring by Godolphin.

And stinted to Godolphin again.

I, among the many persons who are interested in the pedigrees of Col. Singleton's horses, would be very much pleased to see the fulfilment of his promise, to send them to you for publication.

With great respect,

I remain your obd't serv't,

JOHN M. HUGER.

MERCURY BY VIRGINIAN.

MR. EDITOR:

Washington City, June 5, 1835.

Happening to have before me a memoir of the renowned Mercury, —a horse *worthy of his blood*,—(the best son of Virginian,—scarce inferior to any other son of Sir Archy,—*out of the dam of Sir Charles*,)—which I do not recollect to have seen in your Register, I will furnish for it a brief abstract.

Mercury was foaled in 1823. He was run at all the principal race courses in Alabama and Tennessee, with unparalleled success, having been beaten but once, when it was evident he had been physiced for the occasion, when Proserpine, by Oscar, was the winner;—for the Jockey Club purse, 3 m. heats, at Nashville, Tennessee, in the fall of 1826. The Monday following this discomfiture, he won a match, against Col. Smith's Andrew Jackson, regarded as the fleetest horse in the West, two miles out, for 500 dollars a side, which he won by more than 100 yards. The preceding spring he had beat Mr. James Jackson's Marshal Ney by Pacolet, a match, for \$1,000 a side, 3 m. heats, beating him in the second heat upwards of 400 yards.

The same fall he won the J. C. Purse, 3 m. heats, at Florence, also at Tusculumbia.

In the spring of 1827 he won the J. C. Purse, 4 m. heats, on the New Orleans course, which is a full mile, beating the famed Pacific, own brother to Bertrand, and Bertrand's only conqueror, Fairfield, by—at least four seconds quicker than the exploit of Henry and Eclipse, Virginus, in the *unparalleled time for two heats* of 7m. 40s. and 7m. 42s. and that without the touch of the spur or a flourish of the whip. On the same course the following year, in the J. C. race, he *distanced* Nancy Abner, by Sir Archy, a nag of some celebrity. To supply the want of a stallion of his promise, he was removed from the turf, and it became a matter of sincere regret, that, like his sire, a premature death should cut off his career of usefulness. He died, July, 1832. Hard Heart, the invincible Mississippi gelding, the hero of a score of fields, Madge Wildfire, Little Red, and others, attest his loss. Had his harem been in Virginia, he would doubtless have been another Sir Archy.

A SUBSCRIBER.

MORE OF WILD MEDLEY.

MR. EDITOR:

Hillsboro', N. C. June 5, 1835.

Your June No. is now before me. In it there is a notice of Wild Medley, and also an observation of D's communication on the same subject; all stated by your Yorkville correspondent is correct as to the belief there, D. means to say, not that Wild Medley is Omega,—this last was named in reference to the time when Medley died—to answer an inquiry of one of your correspondents, merely stating that

Omega ran at Halifax, N. C. in the fall of 1798, entered by Mr. J. Wilkinson, in whose possession Medley died—this may serve to fix the age of his youngest colts; Mr. Wilkinson must have known the age of Omega, and I cannot mistake the year, as all who know me are well assured I shall never forget '98.

Nor do I say he is the Wild Medley that once stood in Halifax, but that his size and appearance, the form, colour and character of his colts, induced me to believe him the same; but I did not see him until a gentleman, a stranger and traveller, who had no interest, therefore no inducement, stated to Dr. Hall that he knew Wild Medley well, saw him run many years before, that he was thorough-bred, but much older than he passed for in South Carolina. Mendoza, if at all in the pedigree of Wild Medley, was by Boxer's dam Nancy, Dawson, (Isabella's dam,) sold to J. Alexander for \$1200. See vol. 2, T. R. page 305. Boxer by Medley, his dam by Baylor's old Fearnought, grandam by Sally Roger, out of a thorough-bred imported mare. T. R. vol. 2, page 623. This makes him the great grandson of Medley. I saw him under the impression that he was a counterfeit, his *name*, *colour*, *size* and *form* induced me to think I saw an old acquaintance and his colts confirmed the delusion, if it was one; and yet I may have been mistaken,—but on this all agree, his stock is *truly good*.

Information is requested as to Sir Hancock; he was bred here. Immediately on reading the piece, I applied to a gentleman of this place who knew him well. He gives me the following information, and may be relied on.

He was bred by Samuel Hancock of Hillsboro', N. C. got by North Carolinian, dam by Horner's Dungannon, he by Vaughan's Dungannon, and he by Old Medley.

North Carolinian, by Virginian, dam by Dion, grandam by Clown, great grandam by Figure. The dam of Hancock is now here, a coarse, bay mare, short legged, square and strong, and breeds well for a mare of her appearance.

Sir Hancock himself ran here—the property of Mr. Phillips—in several races, though not a winner; but afterwards won a race in the possession of Mr. Garrison. He was regarded here as a horse of fine constitution, but deficient in speed, and ran in the name of Turner & Phillips.

After these explanations, permit me to assure you that I am

Truly yours,

D.

NOTE.—What Mr. Edgar *may intend* to publish as the pedigree of Mendoza, I cannot say, but Taylor's Mendoza was a popular stallion in that day, and the colour and name of Wild Medley would induce me to believe he was the horse named in the advertisement alluded to by your correspondent.

MODERN MAIL COACHES AND HORSES.

(Continued from page 497.)

Any one that has looked into books will very readily account for the lateral motion, or rocking, as it is termed, of a coach, being greatest at the greatest distance from the horses—(as the tail of a paper kite is in motion whilst the body remains at rest)—and more especially when laden as this coach was—the greater part of the weight being forward. The situation of our friend then was once more deplorable. The Regulator takes but twenty-three minutes for these celebrated five miles, which cannot be done without ‘springing the cattle’ now and then; and it was in one of the very best of their gallops of that day, that they were met by the coachman of the Comet, who was returning in his *up* coach. When coming out of rival yards, coachmen never fail to cast an eye to the loading of their opponents on the road, and *now* that of the *natty* artist of the Comet experienced a high treat. He had a full view of his quondam passenger, and thus described his situation. He was seated with his back to the horses—his arms extended to each extremity of the guard-irons—his teeth set grim as death—his eyes cast down towards the ground, thinking the less he saw of his danger the better. There was what is called a *top-heavy load*—perhaps a ton of luggage on the roof, and, it may be, not quite in obedience to the act of parliament standard. There were also two horses at wheel whose strides were of rather unequal length, and this operated powerfully on the coach. In short, the lurches of the Regulator were awful at the moment of the Comet passing her. A tyro in mechanics would have exclaimed, ‘the centre of gravity must be lost, the centrifugal force will be better the of it—*over she must go!*’

The centre of gravity having been preserved, the coach arrives safe at Hertford bridge—but the old gentleman has again had enough of it. ‘I will walk into Devonshire,’ said he, as he descended from his perilous exaltation. ‘What did that rascally waiter mean by telling me it was a slow coach? and, moreover, look at the luggage on the roof.’ ‘Only regulation height,’ says the coachman; ‘we arn’t allowed to have it an inch higher:—sorry we can’t please you, sir, but we will try and make room for you in front.’ ‘*Fronti nulla fides,*’ mutters the worthy to himself, as he walks tremblingly into the house—adding, ‘I shall not give this fellow a shilling—he is *dangerous*.’

The Regulator being off, the waiter is again applied to.—‘What do you charge per mile postage?’ ‘One and six-pence, sir.’ ‘Bless me! just double! Let me see,—two hundred miles, at two shilling per mile, postboys, turnpikes, &c. £20. This will never do. Have you

no coach that does not carry luggage on the top?' 'Oh yes, sir,' replies the waiter, 'we shall have one to-night, that is not allowed to carry a band-box on the roof.' 'That's the coach for me, pray what do you call it?' 'The Quicksilver mail, sir; one of the best out of London—Jack White and Tom Brown, pick'd coachmen, over this ground—Jack White down to-night.' 'Guarded and lighted?' 'Both, sir; blunderbuss and pistols in the sword case; a lamp each side of the coach, and one under the footboard—see to pick up a pin the darkest night of the year.' 'Very fast?' 'Oh no, sir, just keeps time; and that's all.' 'That's the coach for me, then,' repeats our hero; 'and I am sure I shall feel at my ease in it. I suppose it is what used to be called the old Mercury.'

Unfortunately, the Devonport, (commonly called the Quicksilver,) mail is half a mile in the hour faster than most in England, and is, indeed, one of the miracles of the road. Let us, then, picture to ourselves our anti-reformer snugly seated in this mail, on a pitch-dark night in November. It is true, she has no luggage on the roof, nor much to incommode her elsewhere, but she is a mile in the hour faster than the Comet, at least three miles quicker than the Regulator; and she performs more than half her journey by lamplight. It is needless to say, then, our senior soon finds out his mistake, but there is no remedy at hand, for it is the dead of the night, and all the inns are shut up. He must proceed, or be left behind in a stable. The climax of his misfortunes then approaches. Nature being exhausted, sleep comes to his aid, and he awakes on a stage which is called the fastest on the journey; it is four miles of ground, and twelve minutes is the time! The old gentleman starts from his seat, having dreamed the horses were running away with the coach, and so, no doubt, they might be. He is, however, determined to convince himself of the fact, though the passengers assure him 'all's right.' 'Don't put your head out of the window,' says one of them, 'you will lose your hat to a certainty;' but advice is seldom listened to by a terrified man, and next moment a stentorian voice is heard, crying,—'Stop, coachman, stop—I have lost my hat and wig!'—The coachman hears him not—and in another second the broad wheels of a down waggon have forever demolished the lost head gear. But here we must leave our adventurous Gilpin of 1742. We have taken a great liberty with him, it is true, but we are not without our precedent. One of the best chapters in Livy contains the history of 'an event which never took place.' In the full charm of his imagination, the historian brings Alexander into Italy, where he never was in his life, and displays him in his brightest colors. We father our sins, then, upon the Patavinian.

But we will now adhere to sober prose, and the changes of our

own time. Thirty years ago, the Holyhead mail left London, *via* Oxford, at eight o'clock at night, and arrived in Shrewsbury between ten and eleven the following night, being twenty-seven hours to one hundred and sixty-two miles. This distance is now done, without the least difficulty, in sixteen hours and a quarter; and the Holyhead mail is actually at Bangor Ferry, eighty-three miles farther, in the same time it used to take in reaching the post office at Shrewsbury. We fancy we now see it, as it was when we travelled on it in our schoolboy time, over the Wolverhampton and Shiffnal stage—in those days loose uncovered sand in part—with Charles Peters or old Ebdon quitting his seat as guard, and coming to the assistance of the coachman, who had flogged his horses till he could flog them no longer. We think we see them crawling up the hill in Shrewsbury town—whip, whip, whip—and an hour behind their time 'by Shrewsbury clock'—the betting not ten to one that she had not been overturned on the road! It is now a treat to see her approach the town, if not before, never after her minute. A young man of the name of Taylor; a spirited proprietor, *horses* her through Shrewsbury, from Hay-Gate to Nescliff, in a manner that deserves to be spoken of. The stages are ten and eight, and for these he has a team of bays, a team of grays, and two teams of chestnuts, that can show with England. Let us look to another coach out of this town at the period we have been speaking off—"the Shrewsbury and Chester *Highflyer*!" This coach started from Shrewsbury at eight o'clock in the morning, and arrived at Chester about the same time in the evening—distance *forty miles*. This was always a good hard road for wheels, and rather favorable for draught—and how then could all these hours be accounted for? Why, if a 'commercial gentleman' had a little business at Ellesmere, there was plenty of time for that. If a '*real gentleman*,' wanted to pay a morning visit on the road, there could be no objection to that. In the pork-pie season, half an hour was generally consumed in consuming one of them, for Mr. Williams, the coachman, was a wonderful favorite with the farmers' wives and daughters all along the road. The coach dined at Wrexham—for coaches lived well in those days; they now live upon air;—and Wrexham church was to be seen—a fine specimen of the florid gothic, and one of the wonders of Wales. Then Wrexham was also famous for ale—no public breweries in those days in Wales—and, above all, the inn belonged to Sir Watkin! About two hours were allowed for dinner; but 'Billy Williams'—one of the best tempered fellows on earth, as honest as Aristides, and at this moment upon the same ground—was never particular to half an hour or so: 'The coach is ready, gentlemen,' he would say, 'but don't

let me disturb you, if you wish for another bottle.' A coach now runs over this ground *a trifle under four hours!!*

The Brighton road may be said to be covered with coaches, no less than twenty-five running upon it in the summer. The fastest is the Red Rover, which performs the journey under five hours. That called the Age, when driven and horsed by the late Mr. Stevenson was an object of such admiration at Brighton, that a crowd was every day collected to see it start. Mr. Stevenson was a graduate of Cambridge, but his passion for the *bench* got the better of all other ambitions, and he became a coachman by profession;—and it is only justice to his memory to admit that, though cut off in the flower of his youth, he had arrived at perfection in his art. His education and early habits had not, however, been lost upon him; his demeanor was always that of a gentleman; and it may be fairly said of him, that he introduced the phenomenon of refinement into a stage coach. At a certain change of horses on the road, a silver sandwich-box was handed to his passengers by his servant, accompanied by the offer of a glass of sherry to such as were so inclined. Well-born coachmen prevail on this road. A gentleman connected with the first families in Wales, and whose father long represented his native county in Parliament, horsed and drove one side of the ground with Mr. Stevenson; and Mr. Charles Jones, brother to Sir Thomas Tyrwit Jones, has now a coach on it called the Pearl, which he both horses and drives himself. The Bognor coach, horsed by the Messrs. Walkers of Mitchel Grove, and driven in the first style by Mr. John Walker, must also be fresh in the recollection of many of our readers.

But to return to fast work: the Edinburg mail runs the distance, four hundred miles in forty hours, and we may set our watches by it at any point of her journey. Stoppages included, this approaches eleven miles in the hour, and much the greater part of it by lamplight. The Exeter day coach, the Herald, from the Saracen's Head, Snow Hill, runs over her ground, one hundred and seventy-three miles* in twenty hours—admirable performance, considering the natural unevenness of the country through which it has to pass. The Devonport mail does her work in first-rate style, two hundred and twenty-seven miles in twenty-two hours. In short, from London to Cheltenham, Gloucester, Worcester, Birmingham, Norwich, or any other place, whose distance does not much exceed one hundred miles, is now little more

* From Calais to Paris is the same distance; the diligence takes at least forty-eight hours in summer, and from fifty to sixty in the winter. The Exeter mail is allowed eighteen hours from London to Exeter, the Paris mail from twenty-eight to thirty hours from Calais to Paris, and this is reckoned quick work.

than a pleasant morning drive. We say pleasant, for this extraordinary speed is not attained, generally speaking, by putting animals to any thing like cruel exertion. A fast coach has nearly a horse to every mile of ground it runs—reckoning one way, or ‘one side of the ground.’* Proprietors of coaches have at length found out—though they were a long time before they did discover it—that the hay and corn market is not so expensive as the horse market. They have, therefore, one horse in four always at rest; or, in other words, each horse lies still on the fourth day, thus having the advantage of man. For example, if ever we turn coach proprietors, or ‘get into harness,’ as the proper term is—which, as we have become fox-hunters, is by no means impossible—we shall keep ten horses for every ten miles’ stage we engage to cover. In this case, eight horses only will be at work, four up and four down. If the stage be under seven miles, nine horses may do the work; but no horse in a fast coach can continue to run every day, the excitement of high keep and profuse sweating producing disease. In practice, perhaps no animal toiling for man, solely *for his profit*, leads so easy and so comfortable a life as the English coach horse. He is sumptuously fed, kindly treated, and if he do suffer a little in his work, he has twenty-three hours in the twenty-four of luxurious ease. He is now almost a stranger to the lash, nor do we ever see him with a broken skin; but we often see him kick up his heels when taken from his coach, after having performed his stage of ten miles in five minutes under the hour. So much for *condition*.

No horse lives so high as a coach horse. In the language of the road, his stomach is the measure of his corn;—he is fed *ad libitum*. The effect of this is visible in two ways—first, it is surprising to see how soon horses gather flesh in this severe work—for there is none more severe whilst it lasts; and, secondly, proprietors find that good flesh is no obstacle to their speed, but, on the contrary, operates to their advantage. Horses draw by their weight, and not by the force of their muscles, which merely assist the application of that weight: the heavier a horse is then, the more powerful is he in his harness; in short, it is the weight of the animal which produces the draught, and the play and force of his muscles serve to continue it. Light horses, therefore, how good soever their action, ought not to be put to draw a heavy load, as muscular force cannot act against it for any length of time.

The average price of horses for fast coaches may be about £23.

* For example, from London to Shrewsbury is one hundred and fifty-eight miles, and the number of horses kept for the Wonder coach is one hundred and fifty.

Fancy teams, and those working out of London, may be rated considerably higher than this; but taking a hundred miles of ground, *well horsed*, this is about the mark. The average period of each horse's service does not exceed four years in a fast coach—perhaps scarcely so much. In a slow one we may allow seven; but in both cases we are alluding to horses put to the work at five or six years old. Considerable judgment is necessary to the election of horses for fast work in harness; for if they have not action which will command the pace they are timed at, they soon destroy themselves. For a wheel horse he should have sound fore legs, or he cannot be depended upon down hill. Good hind legs and well-spread guskens are also essential points in a coach-horse—the weight or force applied proceeding from the fulcrum formed by the hinder feet. The price we have named as the average one for such animals may appear a very low one: but we must remember that to be a hunter, a horse must have length of shoulder, length of frame, well placed hinder legs, and a well-bitted mouth—whereas, without any of these qualities he may make an excellent coach horse—and hence the value of the coach market to our breeders. Blemished horses also find their way into coaches, as do those whose tempers are bad; neither is a blind horse, with good courage, altogether objectionable now the roads are so level.

It may not be uninteresting to the uninitiated to learn how a coach is *worked*. We will then assume that A. B. C. and D. enter into a contract to *horse* a coach eighty miles—each proprietor having twenty miles; in which case, he is said to *cover both sides of the ground*, or *to and fro*. At the expiration of twenty-eight days, the lunar month, a settlement takes place, and if the gross earnings of the coach should be 10*l.* per mile, there will be 800*l.* to divide between the four proprietors, *after* the following charges have been deducted, viz: tolls, duty to government, mileage, (or hire of the coach, to the coach-maker,) two coachmen's wages, porter's wages, rent or charge of booking-offices at each end, and washing the coaches. These charges may amount to 150*l.*, which leaves 650*l.* to keep eighty horses and pay the horse-keepers, for a period twenty-eight days; or nearly 160*l.* to each proprietor for the expenses of his twenty horses, being 2*l.* per week, per horse. Thus it appears, that a fast coach, properly appointed, cannot pay unless its gross receipts amount to 10*l.* per double mile; and that, even then, the *horser's* profits depend on the luck he has with his stock.

In the present age, the art of mechanism is eminently reduced to the practical purpose of life, and the modern form of the stage-coach seems to have arrived at perfection. It combines prodigious strength

with almost incredible lightness, not weighing more than about eighteen hundred weight; and being kept so much nearer the ground than formerly, is of course considerably safer. Accidents, no doubt, occur, and a great many more than meet the public eye; but how should this be otherwise, when we take into account the immense number of coaches on the road, a great portion of which travel through the night, and have all the varieties of our climate to contend with? No one will assert that the proprietors guard against accidents to the utmost of their power—but the great competition they have to encounter is a strong stimulant to their exertions on this score. Indeed, in some respects, the increase of pace has become the traveller's security.* Coaches and harness must be of the best quality; horses must be fresh and sound, and coachmen of science and respectability can only be employed. In fact, to the increased pace of their coaches is the improvement in these men's moral character to be attributed. They have not time now for drinking, and they come in collision with a class of persons superior to those who formerly were stage-coach passengers, by whose example it has been impossible for them not to profit in all respects. A coachman drunk on his box is now a rarity. A coachman, *quite sober*, was even within our memory still more so. But let us press this question a little further: do the proprietors guard against accidents to *the very extent of their ability*? We fear, not: too many of them, to touch only one point, allow their coachmen to omit the use of the hand or end-buckle to their reins, which, to our own knowledge, has lately been productive of innumerable accidents. This is *new*, and it is a mere piece of affectation, and should be put a stop to; for surely, if a coachman fancies he has not time to 'pin his ribbons' before mounting the box, he can do so after having proceeded a short distance on his stage; and he cannot say he has not time to unbuckle them before he come to the end of it. It is evident, that with reins unbuckled at the ends, should either of them drop out of his hand, all command over his team is gone. Moreover, in the hands of the best coachman, a wheel-horse will now and then drop, and should he not, fortunately in this case, *be dragged on the ground so as to stop the coach*, up he jumps, and expecting the whip, rushes forward with his head loose, his rein having been drawn through the coachman's hand. Had it been buckled at the end, such an occurrence could not have happened; and if, after our warning, damages are sought for on this score, coach proprietors may depend on it they must be prepared to smart.

* To give one instance—the Worcester mail was one of the slowest on the road and the oftenest overturned. She is now fast, and reckoned one of the safest in England.

That, in fact, nineteen accidents in twenty are the effect of want of proper precautions, cannot be denied.—Coachmen, it is true, are not theoretical philosophers, but experience teaches them, that if they drive fast round corners, the centre of gravity must be more or less disturbed by thus diverging from the right line; and if lost, *over she goes*; yet a great number of the overturns that occur happen exactly in this way. Why then are not coachmen strictly enjoined by their employers to avoid so gross an error? But it is in the act of descending hills that the majority of catastrophes take place; and the coachman needs not book learning to enlighten him as to the *wherefore*. Let him only throw up a stone and watch its descent. If it falls sixteen feet in the first second, it will fall three times that distance in the next, and so on. Thus it is with his coach; the continued impulse it acquires in descending a hill, presses upon the wheel-horses, until at last it exceeds their powers of resistance.—In short, they have a new force to contend with at every step they take. But this is not all. Instead of checking the active force of his coach before she begins to move downward, he too often adds that to the fresh impulse she acquires on her descent. Every coachman, who has a regard to the safety of his own neck, should check the velocity of his coach at the top of every hill; which to use the language of the road, is termed 'taking a hill in time.' He may, in that case, if his harness be sound, drive his coach down any hill, now found in our roads, with ease; and, when a certain way down, it may increase his pace, with perfect safety, to meet the opposing ground at the bottom. With heavily-laden coaches, we prefer this to the drag-chain—by which hundreds of them have been pulled over—and which is a great check to speed, too, as the *momentum* cannot be taken advantage of, in continuing the motion of the coach when she brings the horses to their collars again.

The question often arises,—is there any danger in galloping horses in a coach, on perfectly level ground! Under certain circumstances there is. For instance, if there happen to be two horses at wheel, which take unequal strides in their gallop, their action will be felt by the coach—they being so near to her—and lateral motion will be produced, by which her equilibrium may be destroyed. When a coach once begins to swing, a little thing will upset her—even passing over a small stone—as the faster she goes on level ground, the more weight is thrown upon her fore wheels. Neither is a good road a security to her; on the contrary, the harder the surface of it, the more danger, there being nothing to hold the wheels to the ground. If, however, it were possible to make the stride and draught of four horses quite equal, their increased speed would have but little effect on a coach,

upon tolerably level ground; which is proved by her being quite steady in ascending a hill, at ever so quick a rate, when every horse is at work. This shows the necessity of putting horses well together.

The worst of accidents, and one which, with the present structure of coaches, can never be entirely provided against, arises from broken axle-trees and wheels coming off on the road. It was but the other day that a passenger's leg was fractured by the upsetting of the Dart, Brighton coach; driven by William Snow, (a proprietor,) one of the steadiest and most experienced coachmen of the present day, owing to the snapping of the axle-tree. There is certainly something startling in the reflection, that whenever we travel by a coach, we are liable to this occurrence, which must happen if the weight above be too great for the sustaining power below; and for this reason, the mails are safer than stage-coaches, as not loading so heavily. Every thing that can be done to prevent the snapping of the axle-tree has now been adopted, we think, by our coach builders. In case it does break, what is called the idle wheel, in addition to the active wheel, is the only security against an upset; but as this somewhat adds to the weight of a coach, the use of it has been abandoned. Accidents, then, are always to be apprehended by travellers from this cause;—the loss of wheels is another; and until an act of parliament enforces the use of the patent box, or the screw nut, so as to trust no longer to the common linchpin, it will remain a third.*

On the whole, however, travelling by public conveyances was never so secure as it is at the present time. Nothing can be more favorable to it than the build of the modern coaches. The boots being let down between the springs, keep the load, consequently the centre of gravity, low; the wheels of many of them are secured by patent boxes; and in every part of them the best materials are used. The cost of coaches of this description is from £130 to £150—but they are generally hired from the maker at from 2½*d.* to 3*d.* per mile.

The common height of the stage-coach wheels of the present day, is as follows:—the fore wheels three feet four inches, the hinder four feet eight inches. As the former turn round so much oftener than the latter, and also bear more weight, they require to have their fellys fresh wrung about every five weeks; whereas, the latter will stand

*The only linchpin that can be relied on, is the wooden one; which, together with the screw nut, is used in the French diligences. It is made of heart of oak; and being once driven through the eye of the arm, cannot be drawn out again, without cutting off the bottom of it, as it swells to a size which prevents its returning the way it went in. *There is no dependance on iron linchpins.*

good for two months or more. The strength of a wheel depends greatly on the attention paid to the arrangement and framing of the spokes. In common wheels, they are framed regularly and equally all round the thickest part of the nave, the tenons of the spokes being so levelled as to stand about three inches out of perpendicular, by which is produced the *dishing* wheel. This dishing or concave wheel, is not essential on our present rutless road, and perpendicular wheels are preferable on level ground. The best wheels we know of, are those under our mail-coaches. The spokes are framed somewhat differently into the nave, which is made rather larger than is usual for common coach wheels, and every other spoke is framed perpendicular to the nave. Hence, the mortises to receive them in it are not made in a parallel line round it, but stand as it were in two different parallels—one without the other—by which means greater solidity is given to the nave, and an immense addition of strength to the wheel. What is called the patent hoop, is always used in stage-coaches—having the iron tire drawn into one complete ring—is not put on these wheels, but the common strokes, as they are called, forged and hammered to the sweep of the rings, and in lengths equal to those of the fellies, are put on red hot, and well secured by rivetted nails. The mail fore-wheel is somewhat higher than that of the stage-coach, which is an advantage. Low fore-wheels place the axle so much below the level of the wheel-horses' breasts, that they have not only the carriage to draw, but also part of its weight to bear. This weight distresses their hams, stifles, and hocks, and accounts for coach-horses being soon unfit for the saddle. It is evident that attention to these points is necessary in putting horses to a coach, and when the fore-wheels are low, the wheel horses should have as much length of trace as can be given them, for the line of traction should be as nearly even with the draught of the horse as we can make it.*

* Thus it is with a farmer's wagon. When the shaft-horse is standing at rest—allowing two degrees of an angle for that position—the point of the shaft is nearly even with the top of the fore-wheel, but when the horse exerts his strength to move a load, he brings his breast so much nearer the ground, that the line of draught is almost horizontal, and in a line with its centre. The trace of a coach-horse *when he stands at rest*, is also *oblique* to the horizon, and must be so with low fore-wheels; but it approaches the horizontal when he is at work, and the nearer it approaches to it the better. Horses draw by their weight, and not by the force of their muscles; the hinder feet, then, being the fulcrum of the lever by which their weight acts against a load, when they pull hard it depresses their chests—thus increasing the lever of its weight and diminishing the lever by which the load resists its efforts.

SIR ARCHY.

THE memoir heretofore given of the most renowned horse that has run in this country being imperfect, further particulars are now given.

Rosalba had been purchased of Lord Egremont on account of the late Col. John Tayloe, of Mount Airy, in Virginia, by his agent in England, who, on seeing a Rockingham filly, on her way to Newmarket to be trained, had "fallen in love" with her; and she, being purchased, Lord Egremont consented to take back Rosalba. This Rockingham filly, afterwards the renowned Castianira, Sir Archy's dam, was thus described by Weatherby, on her exportation, shortly after, in 1799. "She is a fine looking filly, with good action, rather high upon the leg—price very high considering she is untried. I am partial to Rockingham as a stallion, and should like to breed from mares of his get as much as from any I know. She is out of a very *handsome little mare*, called Tabitha, own sister to Miss Kingsland, and was bred by Mr. Popham, who was breeder of Alexander, Don Quixotte, Poor Soldier, Pegasus, &c." Miss Kingsland was the best race mare of her day; she ran long, and at all distances, with great success. Castianira, not equalling expectation upon the turf, was placed with Archibald Randolph, Esq. near Richmond, who bred from her in partnership with Col. Tayloe. In 1805, she produced Sir Archy, got by imported Diomed, whose celebrity in England has been since extended by the fame of his descendants, Eleanor, his grand-daughter, the best mare of her day, and dam of Muley; her sisters Julia, dam of Phantom, and Cressida, dam of Priam;—horses recently, (and Priam now,) of the *very first* repute in England.—Diomed was also grandsire of Sorcerer, at the head of a distinguished class of horses; and of his other renowned descendants, now in England, may be mentioned Priam, Jerry, (by the renowned Smolensko, best son of Sorcerer, sire also of Soothsayer, winner of the St. Leger,) Langar and Mulatto. Zinganeë is descended from Diomed's own sister.

Sir Archy is undoubtedly a thorough-bred horse of the very best blood. On reaching maturity, he is described as being of the most commanding appearance, exhibiting great strength with fine action. He was a brown bay, his right fetlock white, and 16 hands and $\frac{3}{4}$ of an inch high. At two years old he was of great promise. On being sent to Col. Tayloe at that age, Mr. Randolph wrote to him, "I have sent our *fine colt* for you to take and do with as you please," adding, he was "unable to do him that justice he (was) entitled to, and that he was thought the best colt that had been ever seen, and that by a competent judge. Col. Selden, with the eye of prophecy, discovered

his great promise, spoke of his high expectations, and even when he was three years old, before he had been trained, foretold that "Sir Archy will make a fine stallion after he has done running."

In 1808, at three years old, he was beat in two sweepstakes, by colts that he might have distanced, having the distemper. These were his only races at three years old. He then became the property of Col. Selden and Ralph Wormly, Esq. but shortly passed into the possession of Mr. William R. Johnson, under whose auspices, in 1809, he began his successful career, by winning the Annual Post Stakes, at Fairfield, against a good field. Wrangler, of the same age, at the same meeting, won the Jockey Club purse, four mile heats.

The following week they met in the Jockey Club race, four mile heats, at Newmarket, which race was won by Wrangler. The last heat was so close that the judges hesitated in their decision. Mr. Johnson proposed a match for the third heat, which was declined by Col. Selden.

Sir Archy greatly improved by the ensuing autumn, when Mr. Johnson ran him against Wrangler, for the Jockey Club race, four mile heats, at Fairfield. Before the end of two miles, which were run in 3m. 46s. (the best time at Fairfield,) Sir Archy took the lead, and maintained his stride another half-mile, when Wrangler gave it up, and Sir Archy gradually reduced his speed, ending the heat, on which heavy bets depended, actually in a walk, beating also Ratray, Tom Tough and Minerva. The next week he took the Jockey Club Purse in a single heat at Newmarket.

Almost contemporaneously, Gen. Carney's Blank, by imported Citizen, having acquired a high reputation by previous success, won the Jockey Club Purse, at Belfield, and the second heat in the best time known at that course, beating Wynn's Gallatin, and Dinwiddie, sons of Diomed, and several others. The two conquerors shortly after met in the Jockey Club race, four mile heats, at Halifax, N. C. The first two miles were run slowly, yet the heat was run in 7m. 52s. The second heat was run in 8m.; Sir Archy apparently winning with great ease.

The next day Sir Archy was bought by Mr. A. J. Davie, for \$5,000, and immediately announced as a stallion.

Mr. Johnson, that autumn, wrote to a friend, that he would match Sir Archy against any horse for \$5 or \$10,000, four mile heats, being satisfied he was the best racehorse *he ever saw*.

As a stallion he has had no rival in America. His most renowned get are Lady Lightfoot, Vanity, Reality, Timoleon, Virginian, Director, Sir Charles, Sir William, Muckle John, Henry, Kosciusko, Crusader, Ratler, Sumter, Childers, Flirtilla, the two Janets, Contention, Caro-

linian, Napoleon, Tecumseh, Janus, Bertrand, Pacific, Saxe Weimar, Stockholder, Gohanna, Betsey and John Richards, Marion, Cherokee, Arab, Coquette, Tariff, Isabella, Phillis, Brunette, Charlotte Temple, Virginia Taylor, Jemima Wilkinson, Sir Arthur, Lady Lagrange, Sally Hope, Industry, Merlin, Sea Gull, Sir Archy Montorio, Sir William of Transport, Giles Scroggins, Pilot, (Wild Will of the Woods,) Charles Kemble, Longwaist, Herr Cline, Fanny Cline, Nancy Blunt, Cicero, (sire to Trifle's dam,) Zinganee and May Day, the dams of Betsey Robinson, Hanslap, Julianna, &c. &c.

Sir Archy died June 1833, aged twenty-eight years.

THE RACEHORSE.

MR. EDITOR:

May 10, 1835.

Sir,—Having finished the planting of my corn, and brooding over the loss of my wheat crop, (it is no gratification to *me*, that all my neighbors have lost theirs also,) I propose to beguile myself a little by a communication to you, "about matters and things in general,"—though all relating to my favorite, if not my only, hobby, namely, that noble quadruped—the HORSE.

First of all, I must inform you, that I am much pleased, and instructed too, by the essay on the "Racehorse," contained in your last December and January numbers, taken from the "Sportsman's Cyclopedia." There is a vein of good sense running through the whole of that publication; and, although some of the opinions and theories therein advanced may, by some, be deemed merely *speculative*,—yet there is no principle or rule laid down, that is not accompanied by some fact or reason to support it. I would, therefore, take the liberty of recommending that excellent essay to the frequent consideration of those who, like myself, are engaged in rearing the blood horse. Such publications are much more interesting to us than the bickerings of some *stallion owners*, their friends and coadjutors—in which we see too much *puffing* on the one side, and unnecessary and improper detraction on the other. Truth generally lies between extremes.

The "Essay on the importation and value of English horses," published in your last April number, is calculated to have the effect, whatever may have been the intention of the writer, of inducing a belief among breeders, that our *native* stallions are inferior to those imported from England. Those who subscribe to this doctrine, must be prepared to admit the truth of the theories of two eminent French writers, who contended that there was a deterioration of both man and beast after being brought from Europe to this country. I am one of

those, (perhaps because I am myself a buckskin,) who do not subscribe to that opinion; and I think Mr. Jefferson, in his Notes on Virginia, has clearly refuted the arguments of the learned Frenchmen.

But great pains are taken to show that, *because* Sir Archy's sire and dam, both happened to be imported from England, he begat a great many racehorses. I doubt whether Archy was equal to his son Charles as a racer, or better as a stallion. Archy's dam had never raced—and was *blind* withal—though perfectly well bred. But had we not, and have we not now many equally well bred mares; all bred in the United States. I admit that we obtained from England our best and only stock of racehorses; but I deny that our thoroughbreds are inferior to theirs in any respect whatsoever. I don't object to the importation of *first rate* stallions into this country—far from it;—I wish it would become as fashionable to import as many first rate mares also. All I mean to say or to contend for is, that the English stallions imported, ought not to be preferred to many which are bred here; their equals in blood, and superiors frequently in *form*, which, after all, is the main thing to be attended to.

How few of the imported horses have, within the last forty years, got first rate runners among us? Old Diomed stands first on the list. And yet he, sir, before he left England, stood as low as two guineas a mare. I will name a few others. Spread Eagle, one of the best grandsons of the famous Eclipse, got some five or six good runners. Maid of the Oaks, Sally Nailor, Red Eye, Edelin's Floretta, and a few others—and the last named, never won a race over the Washington course, until she was six years old, although she ran over it at three, four and five, without success—sometimes barely getting within her distance—of all which races, I was an eye witness. Then there was imported *Stirling*, another grandson of Eclipse, and more than half brother to Spread Eagle—a capital racer at home—he got no winners here, that ever I heard of. The same of Dragon, who stood, I believe at ten guineas a mare. The same of *Cormorant* and *Cœur de Lion* and *Buzzard*, (with the exception of Colonel Tayloe's colt Hephestion,) who died at the advanced age of twenty-three years. The same of *Eagle*,* full brother to Spread Eagle. The same of *Archibald*, with the exception of Brown's Gentle Kitty—of *Speculator*, Archduke, and many others. I believe, Mr. Editor, that *Gabriel*, who died in a year or two after he was imported, was equal to any imported horse we ever had. When he stood in Maryland, one season only,—but very few bred mares were put to him; yet, in that season, he got three

* I never saw Eagle; but Judge Duvall, (than whom there could be no better authority,) told me that he was among the finest looking horses he had ever beheld.

first rate racers. Postboy, Oscar and Harlequin. I never heard of any others of his get being trained. But Gabriel was not so *fashionable* as some other horses. Even *Spread Eagle* got out of vogue. The late Colonel Tayloe, told me that he had received a letter from his correspondent in England, advising him to *breed nothing from the loins of Spread Eagle!* But now, a cross from that stallion is thought quite valuable—and deservedly so, I dare say. By the way, I had like to have forgotten an obscure horse, (he belonged to an obscure individual,) imported into Philadelphia, in the year 1798-9. I saw him immediately after he was landed. He was a small chestnut horse—not more than five feet high, symmetrical in his form—was nicked and cropped, and *fired* withal in his fore legs. His name was *Punch*, got by old King Herod, his dam by Marske, (the sire of Eclipse,)—he had been a king's plate horse, and afterwards a hunter. Were this horse now living, I had rather put my mares to him, than any horse I know of within my reach. He got very few bred mares. He was not in vogue. Cormorant and Stirling, &c. &c. were then the horses most sought after. Punch got two capital nags,—Lufborough's *Napoleon*, (killed by accident, while running over the Washington course, at four years old,) and Bean's Maria, who, when three years old, beat Colonel Tayloe's famous Topgallant, two mile heats—his favorite distance. Mr. Cooke, of Elk Ridge, near Baltimore, owns a mare out of Maria, by imported Eagle. I should like to see Maria's pedigree in full. It has never been published; but that ought to make no difference in regard to the produce of Mr. Cooke's mare. The rule is, according to the Sportsman's Cyclopedia, above referred to, that when you can trace back to both sire and dam, each of which was capital racers, (as we do in this case,) nothing farther is necessary to establish the purity of the blood. This I know, was also the opinion of the late Mr. Randolph; than whom there were few, if any, better judges of the racehorse,—or better acquainted with his history and qualifications. The same gentleman told me, that a great many thoroughbreds in England, (not probably one half,) were not to be found in the English Stud Book. The famous *Gabriel* was one of these.

"Auld Lang Syne" has not, I think, done "Brown's Wonder," (Leonidas,) strict justice. He certainly was a *first rate* two mile horse—to say no more of him. I saw him win, with great ease, the purse of two mile heats, over the Washington course, when not in tip-top order—beating Bond's Eclipse, by Consul, and others,—some of our then, best nags. I have no doubt of his being a *bred* horse; I have no sort of interest in saying this. As a breeder, I should like to have a cross from him—particularly with a view to racing. Some,

indeed, object to a cross from Ball's Florizel, the Highflyer of America. There is no accounting for men's opinions, or rather *prejudices*. My own opinion of Brown's Wonder is, that, like Sir Charles, he has written his pedigree in some measure on the turf. He was, moreover, (and which is of the greatest importance,) of the *proper form*—combining strength with beauty. I never saw but one of his get, namely, Lewis' Clifton, the sire of Tayloe's Tychicus. Clifton is a horse of very high form—he was never trained,—nor has he ever covered probably a dozen *bred* mares in his life. His dam, (Lewis' old Iris,) was a mare of fine form, not exceeding fourteen and three quarter hands; but of great muscular power. And, although not, in her day, "*renowned*" (Mr. Lufborough says, that he did not apply that term to her,) was as well a bred mare as any in the country. She was a maternal grand daughter of Mr. Meade's running mare, Oracle, which a former respectable correspondent of yours, pronounced to be a "kill devil of her day." Iris was, I think, bred by Mr. Meade. Major Lewis purchased her of Mr. Stith, Mr. M's son-in-law. *Experience*, Mr. Editor, if we will only hearken to it, will put us right in most things,—and in nothing more than in breeding fine horses. My experience teaches me, on the breeding of the horse, to go for *form* as well as blood. I object to all of your flat-sided, long-legged thin-necked, spindle-shanked tribe, from whatever family they may spring, whether they be of foreign or domestic origin. I have heard many object to the late Mr. Randolph's stock of horses, because, it was alleged that he had bred too much *in and in*. I saw the greater part of this stud in 1832; and, in my life, I never before or since, saw their equals. JANUS was a perfect picture—GASCOIGNE ditto—RINALDO—you have seen him;—and even he would not compare with the first named and several other younger ones that I saw. The opinion taken up by some, that he had bred too much, what is termed "*in and in*," is entirely erroneous, as a bare reference to his stud bood will shew. To prove this, let us take a few examples:—No's 1, 2, 3, 4 and 5 of his mares were all imported;—the first by *Grouse*, son of Highflyer;—the second by Lord Clermont's famous *Trumpator*, the best grandson of Mr. Fenwick's Matchem;—the third by the noted *Hamiltonian*;—the fourth by Washington, a son of Sir Peter Teazle, out of an own sister to *Trumpator*;—the fifth by *Alexander the Great*.

This most sagacious gentleman, in every thing that he undertook (save once in being duped by a wily politician,) bred from the following named stallions, to wit:—imported *Diomed*—his son, Sir Archy—imported Dragon—Gracchus, by Diomed, out of one of the best bred mares in Virginia, by old Chanticleer, and running into the old approved stock of Janus—Mark Antony—Jolly Roger, &c. &c. He

bred also from Sans Culotte, President, Ball's Florizel, Sir Hal, imported Merryfield, imported Sir Harry,—and more latterly, from his own horse Roanoke and Janus, (the sire of Philip that lately beat Mazeppa,) he also bred from Monsieur Tonson, and some others not now recollected. The principal foundation of his stock is the five imported mares first above named, and his Chanticleer mare, called *Cornelia*.

Upon the whole, I think that Mr. Randolph took more pains to improve the breed of horses than any other man in this country; and I hazard little in saying, that a better selection, or a better stud, (considering the great number in it,) does not exist in any country. But few, very few, of his horses were trained for running. Although fond of the sport, he did not himself engage in it. His residence was in the upper country, where with the exception of his own, there were but few bred mares. This will account for so few of the get of Roanoke and Janus appearing on the turf.

In conclusion I would ask, what imported horse, either of former or the present times, surpasses in appearance and excels in blood, Virginian and Sir Charles—Roanoke and Janus—Johnson's *Andrew*, and some others that I have seen, and many that I have not seen? I hope that we shall not witness the same *mania* about English stallions that we once did in respect to *merino sheep*!

A BREEDER.

P. S. The only produce of Major Lewis' Iris that was ever trained, was Potomac, by Wilkes' Potomac, referred to by "Auld Lang Syne." He was loaned, I think, by Major Lewis to Mr. Dennis A. Smith, of Baltimore, who put him into the hands of Thomas Hughes, who trained for Joshua B. Bond, the owner of First Consul, near Philadelphia. Lewis' Potomac was then four years old, and was trained with Mr. Lufborough's mare Columbia. Columbia, when right, was acknowledged on all sides to be a capital four mile nag,—she was fast, indeed, at any distance—having won several sweepstakes of two miles,—and the colts' purse over the Washington course, two mile heats, beating a large field; and among the rest, Thornton's *Noli-metangere*. Hughes told the writer of this, that Lewis' colt Potomac, could beat Columbia in their trials; (none exceeding two miles out;) but that when he ran in public, he could not be kept in the track. He afterwards went to Kentucky, and there proved to be a first rate quarter and six hundred yards horse. He was not tried a greater distance there. And here, I think, your correspondent did manifest injustice, (unintentionally no doubt,) to Lewis' colt in pronouncing him to be only "a fast horse for a quarter of a mile." He was, perhaps, equal to any of the get of his sire, (who is said not to have been full bred,) at any distance.

CLARET.

A novice in the business of breeding the racehorse; but having made a beginning, like all new beginners, and with an earnest desire of obtaining *true* and *authentic*, and practical information, I read with intense interest the glowing descriptions of horses, their pedigrees and performance, &c. contained in your valuable Magazine.

It must be confessed, that the owners of imported horses have the knack of embellishment in such an eminent degree as to render the memoir of a native horse comparatively dull and insipid. Their respective merits, however, are in a fair way of being brought to a practical test, which cannot fail to be more satisfactory than newspaper speculations, or rather the public puffing of interested owners. I am not about to encroach upon your valuable columns with fruitless comparisons; but the season being nearly over, and no injury likely to ensue to the spirited owners of "Claret" by the remarks I am about to submit, you may do breeders a timely piece of service, by the publication of this article; and at the same time, give the owners ample opportunity of explaining satisfactorily for some of the omissions and inaccuracies which appear in the memoir of "Claret," published in your number for March, 1835.

After furnishing a valuable and interesting account of the performances of "*Claret's*" celebrated progenitors, the memoir states that Claret made his first appearance in public at three years old, and was beaten *four times* at Newmarket, from April to July, 1833.

His first race was for the Riddlesworth stakes, wherein he ran third: five started, and Claret carried two pounds *less* than any other colt or filly in the race; and the same allowance was made him in the Column stakes, two days afterwards.

Speaking of these races, the Sporting Magazine remarks: "The Riddlesworth was of little interest, either intrinsically or relatively; the field was bad, the winner a gelding," &c. He adds in continuation "the Column stakes brought out a field of bad horses."

In the two other races at Newmarket, in May and July, he received an allowance of weight from his competitors of the same age, and was not placed in either race. Thus far his racing career was neither creditable to himself, nor the distinguished line of ancestors, from which he is represented to have descended. But here come his triumphs on the turf. At *Stamford*, he was entered for a plate £50,—heats twice round. "*The winner to be sold for one hundred and fifty guineas.*" Three started, as stated in the memoir, and the race was won by "Claret." The following day he was beaten for a plate £50.

He next distinguished himself at Huntingdon, August 13th, by

winning a plate of 50 sovs. against three competitors. "The winner to be sold for 150 sovs." A note to this race, states that the winner was claimed by Mr. Batson.

Two days afterwards, however, we find him running in the name of his former owner, for a plate of 50 sovs. in which were three entries. "The winner to be sold for £250." "Won easy" by Claret. Both these races were "heats once round."

Two months afterwards, at the close of the racing season, we again find "Claret" at Newmarket, where he obtained a victory over a large field of twelve, who came in such order, that the judge was able to place the whole of them. "The winner with his engagements to be sold for 300 gs."

Thus it appears that out of nine races, he won four, and without the particulars attending each race, that would appear to be respectable performance for a three year old. But the breeder who regards *performance* as the standard of excellence, should know and bear in mind, that all of Claret's winnings, were in what are termed "*selling stakes*," in which no really valuable horse ever appears. The owner, too, must have thought lightly of him, to run him for a poor plate, (say) \$250, with the condition that the winner should be liable to be sold for, (say) \$750, and it does not appear that though a winner, he was claimed at that price. Now, every one knowing these facts, (which do not appear in the memoir,) would naturally inquire, what sort of a field started, where the winner was not worth \$750? what reputation do such winnings give a horse?—certainly none.

If he merits the patronage of breeders of thorough-bred racing stock, it must be for some quality independent of his racing powers. Yet the memoir would have us understand that his performances are a high recommendation, and affects to regret that his career was arrested "in the midst of the most flattering success" by an accidental sprain of a fore-leg.

The public has a good cause to complain of the omissions of material facts in the account of his winning races, viz: the light weights and the small value of his competitors, as evidenced by their running in "*selling stakes*," for as distance and time are not given, the character of the field is the only criterion by which we can form an estimate of his powers. But the omissions and suppressions of important facts are not all. The memoir proceeds,—"the above were the only times of his starting, and he has not run at all since this accident, which unfortunately arrested his career in the midst of the most flattering success, and at an age when his powers had just began to be fully developed."

Whatever apology may be offered for suppressing the material circumstances, that whenever Claret *did* win, it was in running for poor plates in low selling stakes, and with light weights; there can be none entitled to the indulgence of a charitable public for the bold assertion, that the "above were the only times of his starting, &c." when there is record evidence of his repeatedly starting in 1834, as a four year old, and as often disgracefully beaten.

Accidentally glancing at the Racing Calendar appended to the New Sporting Magazine, for September, 1834, my eye caught the word "Claret," my first impression was, that it was some other horse:—on looking again, it appeared to be "Mr. Williams' br. c. Claret, four years old." I thought it strange, having but recently perused the memoir of Claret, in which the public was assured, that he did not start in 1834, and immediately turned to the memoir to see whether I was mistaken. I found it as I supposed, and having been quite captivated with the eloquent description, pedigree, performance, colour, form, &c. of Claret, who had already become more than half a favourite with me, I was mortified at the discovery of this discrepancy, and turned the books over and over again, to reconcile the two statements; but it wouldn't do, "the more it was agitated the worse it —." And at length I began to suspect the correctness of his racing history, which, upon examination, resulted in the discovery of the material suppressions above noted. I never was more forcibly struck with the homely adage, (now disused) that "honesty is the best policy;" for at the moment, I was contemplating the formation of a company of my neighbouring breeders, like myself on a small scale, to open a negotiation with the proprietors, for the purchase of this splendid Claret, which I thought it possible might be obtained for some *eight to ten thousand*, and flattered myself that he would be a bargain at that price, and an acquisition to the country.

But ascertaining he is not what he is represented to be, I abandoned all further thought of getting him; and as no other person, (not even the editor, from whom his patrons expect such things) had attempted to disabuse the public mind with respect to him, I determined to make these corrections of his memoir. And being an ardent admirer of the truly valuable racehorse, whether foreign or native, I sincerely hope that similar suppressions and misrepresentations will not be ventured upon again, as they are well calculated to mislead the inexperienced, excite the suspicions and apprehensions of all breeders from want of confidence in their stock, and permanently to injure the great cause of improving the blood horse of our country.

The suppressed races in 1834, are the following, extracted verbatim from the Racing Calendar, published in September last, viz:—

“Worcester, Tuesday, August 5.

“The Worcestershire stakes of 20 sovs. each, h. ft. and only 5 if declared, &c. with 20 added. Two miles. Fifteen subs. seven of whom paid only 5 sovs. each.

Mr. B. King's b. m. Lucy, by Cain, five years old, 7st. 10lbs. Lear, 1

Mr. J. Day's b. f. Malibran, four years old, 7st. 10lbs. 2

Mr. Moss' br. f. Eagle, four years old, 6st. 13lbs. 3

Mr. Williams' br. c. CLARET, four years old, 7st. 1lb.—Sir J. Gerard's b. c. Intruder, three years old, 6st. 7lbs.—and Mr. Collett's b. c. St. Hilary, three years old, 5st. 7lbs. also started, but were not placed.”

“Wednesday, August 6.

“The Corporation plate of £50, for maiden horses; three year olds, 6st. 12lbs.; four, 8st. 2lbs.; five, 8st. 10lbs.; six and aged, 9st.; mares and geldings allowed 2lbs. Two mile heats.

Mr. Burton's br. c. by Belzoni, dam by Woful, out of Cleopha,

G. Whitehouse, 1 1

Mr. Saunder's Eau de Vie, four years old, 3 2

Mr. T. Williams' br. c. CLARET, four years old, 2 dr.”

Claret may have appeared in other races, both in 1833 and 1834, but my purpose is fully answered, by exhibiting the above for public animadversion, which, I think, it richly merits. The statements here given, are taken from an authentic source, viz: the Racing Calendar, which I believe, is in most cases, an accurate description of every horse's performance, and to which reference is made, that all who feel an interest in the matter may satisfy themselves. A BREEDER.

VETERINARY.

CURE FOR THE BOTS.

My neighbour, Dr. L. an old and eminent physician, was from home the other day on professional duty, when his riding horse was taken very sick, as he supposed, with the bots or grubs, he was compelled to walk and lead the horse for three miles to the nearest village, and by the time he got his saddle off the horse he fell in convulsions: the old Doctor says, he gave him two vials, (say half ounce,) of oil of wormseed, mixed in half a pint of water, and in one hour gave him one ounce of gum aloes, with half ounce of strong laudanum; at this time the horse could not get up, or stand when on his feet, but in a short time after taking the aloes and laudanum, he began to mend, and early the next day the aloes operated, and the horse commenced discharging dead bots, and continued to discharge them during the night, and is now perfectly well. The Doctor had, a few days previously, lost a horse, which was opened by his neighbours, one of whom assured me, that the stomach was eaten through in many places, and the bots had taken hold on the liver, about three inches of which was covered with them.

S.

A DAY'S SPORT IN THE WEST.

MR. EDITOR:

West Feliciana, Louisiana, May 20, 1835.

Sir,—We have had many adventures by “field and flood” since the communication headed “Game Sportsman” in your number; but none worthy of record in your chronicle of the present amusements of the day.—Compared with some descriptions of hunts and chases published in the Magazine, they might possibly be deemed exciting and interesting; but it is only novelty and adventure with us, which lend a charm to our sports. Many and oft has reynard been run “into,” and many a deer has been “stricken,” since you last heard from us;—but the circumstances attending each and all have been thought to be too common place for translation to you.

For the first time in some months, I resolved on the 22d ult. to pass a day with our friend Major W. R. B. with a confident expectation of seeing “frolic and fun,” in some form or other, or in many. Accordingly I put out in time to reach his house before night, and was so fortunate as to overtake him, wending homewards a small distance on this side. He was just at the moment, redressing the wrongs of a poor mule, whose case, if not so pitiable as Sterne’s, required protection, to the full as much. It was an act of justice, as rightfully dispensed in favor of a dumb beast, as often occurs under more solemn sanctions and imposing forms. We whiled away the evening in recounting the particulars of the different scenes of stirring interest, in which we had recently been engaged—in reciting and describing *ad vivum*, those instances of skill and dexterity on one hand, and of failure and mischance on the other, which had marked each feat, exploit or adventure, and ever and anon commenting on the contents of the last numbers of your Register. It was finally settled over a bowl of egg-nogg, before we retired for the night, to make the most of the morrow, and that we would go forth in multiform hostility to flesh, fish and fowl. After partaking an early breakfast, three of us, consisting of the Major, his brother-in-law, Colonel W. H. B. and ourself, sallied forth with malice prepense against whatever might present itself, equally indifferent whether it were an object of game or chase. In a few minutes Juno gave tongue, just ahead of us in the road, and in a spirit to deceive none, that we had hit on the trail of a fox. This Juno is, by the way, the Major’s brag hound, and for finding and trailing, I have never seen her superior. In a few seconds, Rambler joined in with Juno,—then Killbuck and others of the pack, until the cry was such as to authorize a confident belief, that we should soon have reynard on his legs. The trail lay along a narrow ridge, occasionally reduced to a sharp edge, and then again spreading out into

areas of several acres at a time. On either side are declivities and hollows, so sudden and deep, that you may ride along within a few feet of the tops and upper branches of the trees which grow below. The Major determined on pursuing the dogs over this highway for foxes and wild cats, directing us to follow the road around in anticipation that a deer might be started (as is frequently the case) by the dogs, while engaged in trailing the fox. We posted off to the stations assigned us, but had gone a small distance only before we heard the pack in full cry. We were making a semi-circle on a continuous ridge of hills, all sloping towards the Mississippi swamp to our left; and it was within hollows and hills of secondary grade, and much below our point of elevation, that the chase commenced. The morning was clear and still, and the soft lambent atmosphere indicated a state of universal repose in nature.

It was one of those mornings peculiar to this climate, when Echo leaves her cave to visit the Naiads and Driads, and other sprites of the mythological family. On hearing the cry of the pack, we hied on at a rapid pace until we reached the points designated for us respectively. I was posted in rear of Colonel W. H. B. some three hundred paces, and on the last summit of the ridge as it descends to the lower range of hills. The dogs had been in pursuit some five minutes, when I took my station—uncertain whether it was a deer or a fox they were in chase of. I listened for some minutes to their animating roar, with the most intense feelings of suspense and anticipation. The whole region below me was alive with music, the grand and magnificent effect of which can only be known and felt by one placed at such a time where I stood. Now it was *piano*, then *forte-piano*, and anon *pianissimo*, as the pack would burst round the base of those steep nobs, or recede into the deep dells behind. In a short time the cry became more distant and reverberating; yet not less eager and animated.

I now concluded that it must be a deer which the pack were in pursuit of, and that I would occupy other ground in advance, in order to intercept him in his course to the Mississippi swamp. With this intent, I mounted my poney, but was soon arrested in my career, by hearing the deep-mouthed roar full upon me. In a moment I was on my legs and prepared for action, when looking across a small creek, about twenty steps before me I saw a good sized deer, come bounding along, some two hundred paces ahead of the dogs. He came *quartering*, as sportsmen say, and for a while I was in doubt whether to *shoot*, or if I did shoot *at what point* to fire. At the distance of about eighty yards I made up my mind to pull at him. He was then moving at a gentle lope for a deer. I did so, and saw at once that my shot had not taken effect, and as he wheeled off, discharged the other barrel

with no better success. He seemed to heed the report of my gun as little as the missiles it contained, for he pursued the same "even tenor of his way" till he was out of my sight. About the time I fired, or just before, the Major had managed to emerge from the wilderness of cane and hills, into which he had plunged at first, and had taken his stand in the road about two hundred paces in rear of me. No sooner had I fired than he came staving by on his old hunter Pintard, observing with a quizzical smirk, as he passed, "you have drawn blood as usual, I suppose?" "See," said he to the Colonel, who was now at the creek, "H. has shot at the deer, at forty steps and missed it, and he will have it eighty when he comes up." And away he went. The Colonel, who is one of those gentlemen who has faith in the proverb, "that there is luck in leisure," took further pursuit moderately. He summoned me to accompany him to another set of stands, whither the Major had gone, to head the deer in his passage to the swamp; but I felt like the fellow who broke a fiddle string in playing a Virginia jig, "too sad to eat pound cake," told him to go on, and then set to reloading my Joe Manton, *an affair* weighing about seven pounds in the stock, with barrels about twenty-eight inches in length, which the Major had put into my hands as "a great deer gun." My gun charged, I passed across the creek to hunt for blood, but none could I find in going a distance of two hundred yards. I then pushed on after the Colonel, ever and anon halting to listen for the dogs. They had passed up into the Doherty hills to my right; and sooner or later I knew must bring along the deer, to the swamp between Ratliff's above, or the Russel place below. Just as I had debouched from the lane of the latter place, and while I was examining what I considered to be a big buck track, and quietly speculating on the size of the animal, from the print of the hoof, the Major called to me in a stentorian tone to follow on. In a moment I was at his heels, periling my neck at every plunge in the bogs and quagmire, through which the path necessarily run between the swamps and the base of the hills. The Colonel was left to guard the lower pass,—I was soon placed on a point of high ground leading out into the swamp, and about equidistant from both. There I awaited the approach of the deer, on tiptoe expectation, for at least an hour. At the end of that time, the Major gave a halloo for me, to occupy his stand while he moved on above;—but I had no better luck at my new position. The dogs were out of hearing, and nothing could be known of the course of the deer. Presently we heard a thundering report in the direction of the stand filled by the Colonel, and back we posted, down the swamp, making sure that the dogs had passed out below—arrived at the lower stand, we inquired of the Colonel, who had shot, and whether he had heard

the dogs,—he could not answer affirmatively to either question, and now we were all at complete fault. I ventured to intimate in this, our dilemma, that I was *firmly persuaded* I had killed the deer. This, the Major would not listen to, and with signs of impatience, turned his horse to retrace our steps, calling on us to follow; and along the boggy and miry path up the swamp we once more pushed forwards. The Colonel, in obedience to his favorite proverb, lagged a little behind, while the Major and myself made good speed to the stand around Ratliff's fields,—we were soon there, but could hear nothing of the dogs, although the Major affirmed that they must still be running in the hills. I confess that I was a little sceptical as to the correctness of that assertion; but on being assured by him, that if the deer was yet in the hills, it must pass to the swamp, near the spot we were standing, I compromised with my doubts and hopes, and consented to remain at that famous crossing place. The Major went on to an opening between two fields above, with a view as he said, of turning the deer to me. He had not been there more than fifteen minutes, before I heard him shout in a tone, to which the *alto* of Kleber himself, would not have been better than a whisper, "*Mind the gap, mind the gap, mind the gap.*" Now, I was placed near this same gap, it being a distance of about forty feet between the fence on one side, and a very steep precipice on the other; but was so apprehensive that he meant the gap in the fence, through which he had passed that I entirely lost my wits in the effort to rally them in such a moment of excitement, and had not budged a foot towards the gap in the fence, until the moment when I saw the deer breaking through a cover of grapevines, and coming directly towards me. He ran up within fifteen paces, and stopped, the most exhausted looking animal, I had ever seen to be out of hearing of a pack of hounds. I had the gun to my face, and when he stopped, with his full broadside to me, I fired on him. Down dropped a three year old buck without horns, on the 22d of March. And then I stood wondering if what had happened could indeed be a matter of reality. The Major who had not ceased "whispering" until he heard the gun, now came galloping up, and without asking a word, gave me a most searching look, of at least a minute's continuance. He did not know what to think, and my air of nonchalance yet more increased his perplexity. "Well," said I, at last, "you scared the buck to death, before he got here, for he was running as if he moved on wings, instead of legs." "Just as I expected," said he, "you have missed the deer, when I could have overtaken it before it got out of the fields." "I always draw blood," said I. "But with your blood, I never see meat," said he. Willing to enjoy his suspense from a spirit of retaliation, I broached some other topic, in

which I affected a deep interest, but he had no ear for *res inter alios acta*—his heart was with the deer, which after all had escaped and gone. During all this time, the buck lay full in view at a distance of not more than forty feet. He could stand it no longer; "Come," said he, "tell us all about it. I know you have missed the deer; but let us have your excuse: how did it approach you? What was its motion? Where did you fire on it?" I pointed to the place where I first saw the deer, averred, it came like a streak of lightning, and showed where I pulled on it; "Just," said I, "as it passed from behind that gum, I fired." He looked at the gum for some time, and then turned to me with a face which evidently shewed a disbelief in his own senses,—observing, "this deserves some memorial;" whereupon he alighted, tied his horse, and proceeded to cut a notch in a dead sapling, of half an inch in depth. By this time, the Colonel had joined us, and we all seated ourselves at the foot of another big gum, each having something to say about the strange and accidental circumstances of the hunt. We had brought out your number of the Register, containing the portrait of Tychicus. This I picked up, and his memoir read aloud, and at the conclusion, we resolved *seriatim*, that if he could not have beaten Trifle, no other horse in the United States could. During all this time, we were awaiting the dogs. Shortly after I finished reading the memoir, and while we were discussing the comparative merits of Trifle, Tychicus, Robin Hood and others, with my face at the moment turned towards the gap, my eye caught an animal in motion, which did actually resemble the flight of a bird. It was a yearling fawn. I alone was standing at the time, and from the point where I first espied it to the path leading from us to the fence, was about thirty steps. I turned around, seized the Major's double barrelled Damascus and fired at it, as it flitted across. It was all the work of a second in time. *The deer fell in the path.* The two gentlemen looked at me in perfect amazement. "Quite an ordinary occurrence, this with me, gentlemen, and a little more blood for you, Major," said I. We walked up to the deer,—I had put three shot in it, at the distance of at least forty yards,—one of the shot had passed through the spine, and the poor animal, without seeming to be mortally wounded, was making prodigious efforts to arise. It would occasionally look up, most wistfully into our faces, while making the efforts. I have killed in my life, at least fifty deer, and some hundred foxes; but I never saw an animal, in my power, which appeared to cast up such an imploring look: it wrung my heart, and I suddenly wheeled round, exclaiming, "I wish I had not done the deed." "Fudge," said the Major, "so soon as you have made good your entry into the temple of fame, you shew yourself unworthy all title to

immortality." "Well," said the Colonel, (after we had returned to the gum, and each taken a pull of cogniac, brought with an excellent collation by a servant, who at last, had contrived to find us,) "if that shot of Mr. H. was not accidental, it certainly was the greatest feat of dexterity I have ever witnessed." "Yes," said the Major, "*if it was not accidental*; but every thing is a riddle to me to-day." "Now," said the Colonel, "I will cut a notch of an inch for this last act." "Good," said I, "but take a sapling that is not dead." "Indeed," said the Major, "I had not observed that mine was so frail a memorial. It was now about two o'clock in the evening, and after putting our two deer in charge of Charles, we returned to the Russel Place, and there went in pursuit of other game; and how many wild geese we killed, and snipe and plover we bagged before four o'clock, may be told hereafter. H.

SONG

*For the Anniversary Dinner of the WASHINGTON QUOIT CLUB, at
the opening of the season, April, 1835.*

Composed and sung by a member of the Club.

Indeed my friends you're wrong, to ask me for a song,
For I'm very hard to stop when set a starting, O!
But since you dare your fate, you'll repent when 'tis too late,
For you'll find it "all my eye and Betty Martin, O!"

It never was my way, in your mirth to cause delay,
But at once unto the work turn hand and heart in, O!
You know I ne'er refuse, to endeavor to amuse,
Tho' it always proves "my eye and Betty Martin, O!"

Having promise of fine weather, again we meet together,
To give once more our social Club a starting, O!
I'll tax my poor invention, our last year's Club to mention;
You must charge each friendly rub to "Betty Martin, O!"

The gallant COLONEL S-T-N, I first must strive to treat on,
As President, my song he takes first part in, O!
I hope that at the ground, he will constantly be found,
Should he not—we'll turn him o'er to "Betty Martin, O!"

You will one and all assent, that our late Vice-President,
When that honorable post he play'd his part in, O!
So well did score the game, that to R. N. J-HNS-N's fame
There is due at least a verse of "Betty Martin, O!"

A. B. W-LL-R's name last year, did as Treasurer appear,
 His well aimed quoits like METEORS *swiftly* darting, O!
 How unerringly they spring, to the centre of the ring,
 Such skill is not "my eye and Betty Martin, O!"

Colonel R-ND-LPH to his name, did last year add much fame,
 Like *rifle shots* his quoits went in for *sartin*, O!
 So perfect was his skill, he could strike the meg at will,
 Such an effort was to him, mere "Betty Martin, O!"

His worship, the Lord Mayor, shall of honor have due share,
 For many a well fought field he play'd his part in, O!
 With BR-DL-Y's great dexterity, to contend would show temerity,
 But I'll sing him verse for verse 'bout "Betty Martin, O!"

JOHN F. W-BB labor'd hard, and he met with his reward,
 For many a *fluttering* quoit he sent right smart in, O!
 Unmov'd by the balloon, he played one afternoon
 By himself—I'll prove the fact by "Betty Martin, O!"

A place now let us yield, to the Adonis of the field,
 Who so *smoothly* to his quoits gave the starting, O!
 M-NR-E plays the game so well, that few can him excel,
 He would captivate the heart of "Betty Martin, O!"

Then we'd W-GHTM-N, R-G-R C. and W-GHTM-N, H-NRY T.
 Whose names and fames I cannot think of parting, O!
 Should I tell of their exploits, at our noble game of quoits,
 They would call it "all my eye and Betty Martin, O!"

Our Apollo Belvidere, but seldom did appear,
 So entirely from his former course departing, O!
 I hope W-LL-CH will this spring, some new graces with him bring,
 To furnish a new theme for "Betty Martin, O!"

Next to Colonel P. M-ro, many compliments we owe,
 For the great improvement he has made since starting, O!
 When he *hurls* his quoit in air, his step *en militaire*
 Proclaims, that's not "my eye and Betty Martin, O!"

Of M-TTH-W ST. CL-R CL-RKE, I've only to remark,
 That when he our social meetings took a part in, O!
 Then life's catalogue of evils—duns, doctors, and Blue Devils
 Were regarded as "my eye and Betty Martin, O!"

Mr. H-ST-N from our ranks, on the great Potomac's banks,
 Last year did symptoms show of deserting, O!
 So we'll try him by court martial, in which to be impartial,
 We'll award him for his counsel, "Betty Martin, O!"

Then there's our friend SYLV-ST-R, who at pitching is no jester,
Though his quoits might serve for wheels to place a cart in, O!
It was no uncommon thing, with him the meg to ring,
Such a feat is not "my eye and Betty Martin, O!"

As I'm growing rather hoarse, I'll take wine with Mr. C—RSE,
Who the prince of all good fellows is for *sartin*, O!
For social mirth and glee, he cannot excelled be,
And his pitching's any thing but "Betty Martin, O!"

In Mr. K—LL—R's praise, I for one my voice will raise,
For he play'd in gallant style from the starting, O!
And should he persevere, to encounter him this year,
Will not be found "my eye and Betty Martin, O!"

What shall I of TH—RST—N say, except that in his play,
He differ'd from all other men for *sartin*, O!
Yet his play was most complete, for 'twas with both hands and feet,
That's a fact and not "my eye and Betty Martin, O!"

We two seceders mourn, but if they will return,
Our spirit rousing game to play their part in, O!
We'll appoint them most gladly, I mean L—E and J—S—PH BR—DL—Y,
As attorneys to the Club, and "Betty Martin, O!"

There's a member yet to mention, whom to blame I've no intention,
And to praise him would be wrong in me for *sartin*, O!
Whate'er to him is due, is best known to each of you,
For to say we know ourselves is "Betty Martin, O!"

Our health inspiring game, was early known to fame,
For the youth of Rome oft gave the quoit a starting, O!
Could these boys of ancient days, see the skill our Club displays,
They would own they were to us, mere "Betty Martin, O!"

If any other Club should dare, their skill with ours compare,
The friendly strife at once we'll take our part in, O!
And a challenge we proclaim, to all lovers of the game,
This is not mere gasconade, and "Betty Martin, O!"

Stern winter's blasts are o'er, and spring returns once more,
At least 'tis time that bud and flower were starting, O!
May the season now begun, yield us lots of social fun,
For life without a joke's mere "Betty Martin, O!"

To sweethearts and to wives, those sunbeams of our lives,
I propose a bumper toast to take a part in, O!
As the last best gift of Heav'n, they unto man were given,
And without them, life's "my eye and Betty Martin, O!"

FISHING ON THE YAZOO.

The mode of taking the largest size fish on this river, is to suspend a hook and line from the branch of a projecting willow, baited in a manner to please the palate of the most epicurian of the aquatic tribe. To the same branch is appended a bell, which gives the signal of the unwary captive being safely hooked. The fisherman continues to perform his daily avocation of rafting timber on the bank of the river, shaving shingles, or riving pickets, until summoned by the ringing of the bell to secure his prize. It frequently happens that the wily aligator is lured to swallow the sweet morsel, and if not of too herculean a size, falls a victim to the snare spread for the destruction of another, and thus he expiates his rashness by summoning the executioner at the same time that he sounds his funeral knell.

[*Manchester Herald.*]

BOAT RACE.

[The following account of a Boat race which "came off" at Philadelphia, on Wednesday afternoon, 13th May, is copied from the United States' Gazette of the 14th ult.]

Yesterday afternoon came off the boat race between the IMP and the SYLPH. At an early hour the people began to throng the wharves above Fairmount, and between four and five o'clock, P. M. large numbers of vehicles of almost every kind, shape and denomination, crowded to their utmost capacity, came out. Gentlemen, ladies, and lads, on horseback and on foot, hurried to the scene, and the shores of the Schuylkill presented a scene of gaiety, never perhaps exceeded. A large number of handsome boats were manned by their respective clubs, and gave animation to the scene, as they shot with magic swiftness across the water, with their colours streaming and their crews decked in their various uniforms.

For some time the two antagonist boats rowed slowly from point to point, the rowers giving pliancy to their limbs without acquiring uneasiness. The IMP is a long, low boat, very darkly painted, propelled by eight oarsmen, with low hats, blue striped shirts, and dark pantaloons; her coxswain wore, we believe, a jacket. The SYLPH is a shorter boat, light on the water, and painted of a light colour. She had seven oarsmen, (we thought *six*, but a friend tells us it was seven) with handsome Neapolitan caps, red striped shirts, black belts and white pantaloons. Shortly after five o'clock, the two boats dropped into the dock that leads into the forbay of the water work. The crews then made their arrangements for starting. The goal we

understood to be nearly one mile and three quarters. They were to row *to* and *round* that, and return to the starting point.

The two boats then swept out of the dock into the dam, the crew having rolled up their sleeves and made the necessary preparation. In a position for starting, the *Imp* lay below or south of the *Sylph*, but the position was, we believe, equal. Both crews bent to the oars, and announced themselves "ready." The word was given from the wharf to *start* at fifteen minutes past five o'clock, and they swept off with amazing swiftness. While they were plying upwards, it was difficult to tell which had the advantage, and the point above Mr. Pratt's garden, soon hid them from the sight of those who stood on the wharves.

The *SYLPH*, however, was soon seen returning with full velocity, without the "*Imp*." She came back to the starting place, in TEN MINUTES AND FIFTEEN SECONDS; distance, as we heard, *three miles and a half*.

When the two boats arrived at the upper point, the *SYLPH* was about two lengths ahead of the *IMP*, and the latter concluded not to contend on the return.

MAMMOTH SHARK.

On Tuesday morning, at Provincetown, a large "bone shark" was discovered nearly exhausted, among a number of herring seines, several of which he had torn away. A boat put off with a harpoon and lance, when he was immediately despatched and brought ashore. He measures twenty-seven feet in length, girths about fifteen feet, and his liver is expected to yield eight barrels of oil. He was in tow of schooner *Lucy Maria*, Capt. Hillyard, for this city. This is said to be the largest shark ever taken in that quarter.

[*Boston Daily Adv.*]

HERCULEAN MATCH.

R. Cootes, the pedestrian, on Monday, undertook to perform the following extraordinary feat at Goole, for a subscription purse:—

Walk forward one mile, wheel a barrow one mile, run one mile, walk backwards half a mile, draw a one horse gig half a mile, run a pair of wheels half a mile, hop one hundred yards, jump over twenty hurdles of sticks of an equal height, each five yards apart, and pick up fifty stones, one yard apart, in a straight line, and put each singly into a basket, within the hour. The match took place upon a half mile piece of ground, near the Banks' Arms Hotel, and the feat was accomplished in 59 minutes, being one minute within the time.

[*English paper.*]

CURIOUS FACT.

A gentleman brought up with him from Old Point, lately, a shell drake, with its bill enclosed between the shell of an oyster, which had been picked up as it was drifting to the shore, by the toll-keeper of the drawbridge at the mouth of Mill Creek.

The shell-drake being a great diver, is supposed, in one of his submarine visits, to have found the oyster resting on the sandy bottom, with its valves distended, and presented too great a temptation for any hungry duck to withstand, he without ceremony thrust in his long narrow bill to extract the delicious morsel; when the oyster, not approving of such familiarities, suddenly collapsed the portals of its little citadel, and held the intruder's head under water until it suffocated him; while unable or unwilling to let go his hold, both oyster and duck were borne to the shore by the reflux tide.

Raccoons have frequently been caught in the same sly way; being exceedingly fond of oysters, they take advantage of a very low tide and moonlight night, to prowl along the shore in search of their favorite prey, which they are sure to find with mouths a-gape. The knowing ones, it is said, drop a pebble into the opening before they venture to put a paw in, but the uninitiated of the tribe, forgetting this precaution, are taken prisoners incontinently.

[*Norfolk Herald.*]

WILD GIRL.

An extraordinary occurrence has recently taken place in Hungary. At a late bear hunt the hunters succeeded, after much difficulty, in killing a very savage old she bear. She was scarcely brought to the ground when a young girl, about twelve years of age, rushed from a thicket and threw herself on the dying animal, making the deepest lamentations. With considerable trouble the huntsmen contrived by means of cords with running knots, to capture the little savage. Inquiry being set on foot, it was ascertained that a country woman had lost her child about twelve years since, and had never been able to discover what had become of it. The girl has been placed under the care of the Countess Erdodi, who has commenced her treatment by feeding her on roots, honey, and raw meat. Much curiosity is evinced to see, when she has received certain instructions and the development of intellect has taken place, whether she will remember her former situation, and what details she will furnish on the subject.

[*Gazette des Portes de Frankfort.*]

SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

THE ROYAL STUD AT HAMPTON COURT.

Amongst the political changes that have taken place lately, the appointment of Master of the Horse has been conferred upon the Duke of Dorset, and the stud, which owes its present excellence to Lord Albemarle, is now under the direction of his grace. In the subjoined list will be found young stock (for the annual sale in May next,) of the very best blood—whether we look at the sires or the dams, at their own, or the performances of their descendants already before the public; and we are enabled to add, from personal knowledge, that a more promising lot of yearlings has seldom or ever been bred in this or any other establishment. The stallions now “in office” are The Colonel, Actæon and Rubini; and the most fastidious must allow that they are eminently calculated to add to the speed and stamina of the English racehorse. The Colonel’s stock has not yet shewed; but Actæon’s progeny have been out two seasons with extraordinary success: their running has evinced all the speed and stoutness of their sire without any of the little outbreaks of temper, in which he occasionally indulged. We should say, that for a cross with a mare, got by Sultan, or any other horse, celebrated more for speed than stoutness, he is one of the most valuable stallions of the day. Rubini is powerfully recommended by his running; and is, perhaps, one of the finest horses ever seen: he can scarcely fail of proving a fashionable stallion. The following is a full list of the stallions, brood mares and foals, of which the establishment is composed:

COLT FOALS.

- B. c. by Sultan, out of Rachael.
- B. c. by The Colonel, out of Miss Clifton.
- B. c. by Priam, out of Delphine.
- Br. c. by Camel, out of Wings.
- B. c. by Peter Lely, out of Miss O'Neill.
- Br. c. by Bizarre, out of Young Mouse.
- B. c. by Young Phantom—Juniper mare.
- B. c. by Peter Lely, out of Phantasima.
- Ch. c. by The Colonel—an Arabian mare.
- B. c. by Shakspeare, out of Isabella.
- Ch. c. by Lamplighter, out of Oscar mare.
- B. c. by Peter Lely, out of Maiden.
- G. c. by Augustus or Shakspeare, out of Craven.
- B. c. by Tranby, out of Codicil.

FILLY FOALS.

- B. f. by The Colonel, out of Belvoirina.
- B. f. by Emilius, out of Elizabeth.
- Ch. f. by Priam, out of Maria,
- B. f. by Sultan—Spermaceti.
- B. f. by Tranby, out of Ambrosia’s dam, by Gohanna.
- Ch. f. by Emilius, out of Ada.
- Ch. f. by Waterloo, dam by Comus, out of Cobweb.
- B. f. by The Colonel, out of Fleur-de-Lis.
- B. f. by The Colonel—Grey Comus mare.
- B. f. by Tranby, out of Galatea.
- Ch. f. by The Colonel, dam by Partisan, out of Pawn.
- B. f. by Shakspeare, out of Xarifa.
- B. f. by Priam, out of sister to Spermaceti.
- B. f. by Bizarre—Young Espagnole.

STALLIONS.

The Colonel—Actæon—Rubini.

BROOD MARES.

- Belvoirina, by Stamford, dam by Mercury—covered by The Colonel.
 Elizabeth, by Rainbow, out of Belvoirina—covered by Sultan.
 Maria, by Waterloo, out of Belvoirini—covered by Priam.
 A chestnut mare, by Oscar, out of Camarine's dam—covered by Sir Benjamin.
 Rachel, by Whalebone, out of the dam of Moses—covered by Sultan.
 Spermaceti, by Whalebone, dam by Gohanna—covered by The Colonel.
 A bay mare, (sister to Romana,) by Gohanna, dam by Sir Peter—covered by Defence.
 Scandal, by Selim, dam by Haphazard—covered by The Colonel.
 Posthuma, by Orville, out of Medora, by Selim—covered by The Colonel.
 Sultana, (sister to Sultan,) by Selim, out of Bacchante—covered by The Colonel.
 Fleur-de-Lis, by Bourbon, dam by Stamford—covered by The Colonel.
 Ada, (sister to Augusta,) by Woful, dam by Rubens—covered by Emilius.
 A chestnut mare, by Comus, out of Cobweb—covered by Waterloo and The Colonel.
 Elfrida, by Whalebone, out of a sister to Gaberlunzie—covered by Tranby.
 Galatea, by Amadis, out of Paulina, by Sir Peter—covered by Tranby and The Colonel.
 Delphine, by Whisker, out of My Lady, by Comus—covered by Priam.
 A bay mare, by Partisan, out of Pawn—covered by The Colonel.
 A grey mare, by Comus, dam by Sancho—covered by The Colonel.
 A grey Arabian mare—covered by The Colonel.
 Peri, (dam of Sir Hercules)—covered by The Colonel.
 Miss Craven, by Mr. Lowe, dam by Soothsayer—covered by Sir Benjamin.
 Isabella, by Comus, out of Shepherdess, by Shuttle—covered by Sir Benjamin.
 Xarifa, by Moses, dam by Rubens—covered by Grey Comus.
 Miss O'Neill, by Camillius, out of Birmingham's dam, by Orville,—covered by Peter Lely.
 Maiden, by Orville, out of Merrymaid, by Buzzard—covered by Peter Lely.
 Wings, by The Flyer, out of Oleander, by Sir David—covered by Camel.
 Bildeston Lass, by Blacklock, out of Lily, (sister to Bourbon)—covered by Emilius.
 A bay mare, by Juniper, out of Brown Bess, by Sir Peter—covered by Tranby.
 Miss Clifton, by Partisan, out of Isis, by Sir Peter—covered by Taurus.
 Young Mouse, by Godolphin, out of Mouse, by Sir David—covered by Bizarre.
 Young Espagnolle, by Partisan, out of Espagnolle—covered by Bizarre.
 Phantasima, by Phantom, out of Maid of the Mill—covered by Peter Lely.
 Codicil, by Smolensko, out of Legacy—covered by Camel.

[Bell's Life in London.]

CRICKET is becoming quite a fashionable game. Another interesting match came off on Monday the 8th ult. at Harding's tavern, on the west side of Callowhill street bridge, Philadelphia; and a club is now about starting to exercise in this delightful and invigorating amusement.

TRIFLE—WHO BRED HER?—I have never seen in your valuable work, that you have ever given me the credit of raising Trifle, the flower of the valley. Every man likes to have a feather stuck in his cap when he deserves it, and when I speak of a feather, I think I am entitled to one of the largest description. I also raised Mischief, the dam of Rosalie Somers, "the Cicero mare, the dam of Trifle," Murdock, the horse that beat Merlin and Medley, at four heats, over the Newmarket course; and I have now on hand the half-sister of Trifle, by the justly celebrated horse Monsieur Tonson, a Charles mare, "a Gohanna colt and an Eclipse filly, all descended from the grandam of Trifle, and several other mares of first rate stock."

Your well wisher,

THOMAS GRAVES.

Chesterfield county, Va. June 6, 1835.

Extract, dated, Mount Clermont, Essex Co. Va. May 16, 1835.

I have raised a Jockey Club at this place, and will be in operation this fall, near Tappahannock, and in the same flat that the old course was formerly on. The racer can have steamboat fare from this place to Baltimore, or Norfolk. Address me a line in answer, and the terms of your paper, and it shall be attended to.

Your friend, in haste,

JOHN P. WHITE.

SPLENDID STAKE FOR NEW YORK RACES, 1836.—The following magnificent stake has been made to be run over the Union course, on Monday of the week preceding the next first spring meeting. Entrance \$5,000, half forfeit—between

John C. Stevens' ch. c. Dosoris, by Henry, out of Goliah's dam.

Wm. Coleman's colt, out of the dam of Charles Kemble.

Ro. Tillotson's colt, out of the dam of Medoc.

[*New York Spirit of the Times.*]

HARLEM PARK, N. Y. TROTTING COURSE.—The match between Rolla and Columbus, for \$500 a side, three mile heats, in harness, came off on Tuesday, 16th June.

Both horses looked in good condition; Columbus was the favourite at one hundred to sixty. Rolla had been so unfortunate in matches, although an acknowledged first rate for time, that his friends fought shy.

They went off at the word, Columbus leading the way round at a killing pace; he won the heat in 8m. 13s.

After commencing the second heat, Rolla made play for the inside track, which he won and kept without a break, doing the second heat in 8m. 5s.

The third heat Rolla had it all his own way, Columbus appearing a little distressed; it was stated by his friends that he met with an accident—so did they, for Rolla won the money. Seriously, however, we understand Columbus did strain a tendon in one of his forelegs. Rolla did the last heat in 8m. 7s.

Rolla,	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	2	1	1
Columbus,	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	1	2	2

Time, 3m. 13s.—8m. 5s.—8m. 7s.

[*ib.*]

CHALLENGE FOR \$5,000, or \$10,000.—Messrs. Anderson will trot the horse *Edwin Forrest*, four miles and repeat, for \$5,000, or \$10,000, over the Centreville trotting course, L. I. on any day previous to the first of October next, against any horse, mare or gelding, in the United States.

New York, May 5, 1835.

[*ib.*]

BRILLIANT MATCH FOR 1836.—\$5,000.—At the Club dinner on Wednesday, May 6, a match was concluded to come off over the Union course during the first spring meeting of the New York Jockey Club, of 1836, for \$5,000, between Col. J. C. STEVENS' colt, by Henry, out of Romp, and Mr. JOHN HETH's (of Virginia) colt, full sister to Trifle. [Ib.]

FOOT RACE BETWEEN FARRINGTON AND DOWNS.

Immediately after the four mile race, at the Union Course, L. I. Friday, the 5th June, a match for \$200, a single two miles, came off between *Downs*, (the Long Islander who acquitted himself so well in the late achievement of going on foot ten miles an hour,) and *Farrington*, a milkman, from the Bowery. They went off at a smart toddling pace, and kept steadily at their work, Downs about two yards ahead, until the two miles were nearly completed, when as they passed the distance post, Farrington wriggled himself into a canter, and for the first time lapped. A severe struggle now ensued, but Farrington succeeded in maintaining his advantage, and a bold stroke or two gave him the race by about a foot.

Time, 12m. 13s.

[Ib.]

ONE HUNDRED MILES IN SIX HOURS!—A gentleman of New York offers a bet of \$5000 that he will ride *One Hundred Miles in Six Hours*, upon trotting horses, or if allowed, to do the same distance in harness, he will give large odds. Preliminaries may be entered into at the office of *The New York Spirit of the Times*, 171 Broadway.

The Medley colt that run second in the colt stake day at the late races at Petersburg, sold for \$4,000 after he was beat.

THE OLDEN TIME.

DIONED.—The owners of Diomed inform the public, that this extraordinary stallion has gone through a great season, and remains in the highest health and vigour. He will be let to fifteen mares, by insurance, between this and the 20th of September, at \$50 each.

The next season he is to stand at this stable, and be covered by subscription, to be limited to sixty mares; the owner of each mare to pay \$100 by the first of October; the money to be returned, in every instance, if the mare has not proved to be in foal, unless the property shall be changed.

Gentlemen may be assured of the propriety of being expeditious in subscribing, either in person or by letter, with Col. Selden, because it is believed that the subscription will be filled and closed in a very short time, when not another mare will be admitted on any terms.

Tree-Hill, August 6th, 1804.

JOSHUA B. BOND, Esq. owner of **FIRST CONSUL**, Philadelphia.

Sir—I am sorry I had not seen before yesterday your challenge, so as to have enabled me to have met you. If you will run on the second Thursday in November (though you do require such advantage in weights, &c. your horse being aged, and FLORIZEL only five years old) my horse FLORIZEL shall meet you *agreeably to your terms*, and run **FIRST CONSUL** over the Washington Jockey Club ground, for the 500gs., or 1,000gs. if more agreeable to you. An immediate answer is expected.

Yours, &c.

WM. BALL.

Broad Rock, Oct. 4th, 1806.

RACING CALENDAR.

MACON, (Geo.) JOCKEY CLUB RACES,

Spring meeting, 1835, over the Central Course, commenced on Monday, March 30.

Weights.—Three year olds 86lbs. Four year olds 100lbs. Five year olds 110lbs. Six year olds 118lbs. Aged 124lbs. Two year olds a feather. 3lbs. allowed mares and geldings.

First day, Jockey Club purse, \$200, mile heats.

Mr. Fort's b. g. Emerald, four years old, by Timoleon, dam by Sir Archy, 1 1

Mr. Harrison's b. g. David Crocket, by Falstaff, dam by Gallatin, four years old, 2 2

Time, 1m. 55s.—1m. 55s.

Second day, Jockey Club purse, \$300, two mile heats.

Mr. Vance's g. c. Gov. McDuffie, by Jackson, dam by Pacolet, three years old, 3 1 1

Mr. Harrison's b. m. Queen Adelaide, by Arab, dam Virginia, five years old, 4 2 2

Mr. Fort's ch. c. Tartar, by Arab, dam by Conqueror, three years old, 1 3 3

Mr. Surl's b. m. Alborak, by Sumter, dam Mary Bedford, five years old, 4 dis.

Mr. Slappy's ch. f. Sarah Hayne, by Virginian, dam by Bedford, three years old, dis.

Time, 3m. 45s.—3m. 50s.—3m. 48s.

At the start Tartar took the lead, closely pressed by Alborak, and came out only a few lengths ahead. The second heat was warmly contested by Tartar, Queen Adelaide, and McDuffie, the former again taking the lead for one round, when he was suddenly passed by both his competitors; McDuffie winning by about two lengths.

McDuffie now became the favorite nag; the backers of Queen Adelaide were still confident; and the friends of Tartar had not lost all hope, so that bets were offered and taken on all sides. At the tap of the drum the three horses started, Queen Adelaide leading, closely followed by McDuffie and Tartar. It was hard to decide which horse would win for the first round, there being at no time more than two lengths between them; but when about half round, McDuffie again took the lead and came in a few lengths ahead.

Third day, Jockey Club purse, \$500, three mile heats.

T. L. Smith's ch. m. Patsey Wallace, by Alexander, dam by Robin Gray, five years old, 2 1 1

James Harrison's b. m. Jane Bertrand, by Bertrand, dam Arakookress, six years old, 3 2 2

Isaac Fort's b. c. Chesterfield, by Pacific, dam by Madison, three years old, 1 dr.

Time, 5m. 48s.—5m. 50s.—5m. 55s.

Fourth day, Jockey Club purse, \$700, four mile heats.

James Harrison's gr. f. Miss Medley, by Medley, dam by St. Tammany, three years old, 1 1

John Crowell's b. f. Lady Nashville, by Stockholder, out of a mare by imp. Shark, four years old, 2 2

Mr. Haun's b. m. Rattlesnake, by Bertrand, dam Devil, by West Paragon, five years old, 3 3

Time, 7m. 45s.—7m. 44s.

Fifth day, mile heats, best three in five.

Mr. Fort's b. g. Emerald,	-	-	-	-	1	1	1
Mr. Harrison's b. m. Queen Adelaide,	-	-	-	-	4	3	2
Mr. Smith's b. m. Molly Long,	-	-	-	-	3	2	3
Mr. Vance's gr. c. Gov. McDuffie,	-	-	-	-	2	4	4

Time, 1m. 57s.—2m.—1m. 55s.

Sixth day, colt race, purse \$200.

Mr. Harrison's b. c. Editor,	-	-	-	-	1	1
Mr. Vance's ch. f. Diana Vernon,	-	-	-	-	2	2
Mr. Wyche's b. g. Black Hawk,	-	-	-	-	dis.	

Time, 1m. 55s.—2m. 5s.

The fourth day's race.—This race, in the opinion of the knowing ones, was one of the most interesting races ever witnessed; Rattlesnake and Lady Nashville were already known to fame; and Miss Medley, a candidate upon whom many were willing to risk the ready. Both heats were run in the same manner, Miss Medley taking the lead, Rattlesnake next, until the last half mile, when Lady N. came up and pushed the young filly handsomely, coming in a few lengths behind. In the second heat their relative positions were the same, Miss Medley winning the heat by eighteen inches ahead of Lady Nashville. The winning nag belonging to Messrs. Howard and Kenan, of Milledgeville, has won a lasting name, and given an earnest of what she will do with a little more age and strength.

On Monday, the first day, match race, two mile heats.

Mr. Vance's ch. h. Sir Jasper, by Blind Jackson, dam by Whip,	1	1
Mr. Mustain's b. g. Jim Shigh, by Bertrand, dam unknown,	2	2

Time, 3m. 55s.—2d heat, not recollected.

Sixth day, Saturday, match race, mile heats.

Mr. Harrison's b. g. Davy Crockett,	-	-	-	-	1	1
Mr. Mustain's b. g. Jim Shigh,	-	-	-	-	2	2

Time, 1m. 52s.—2d heat with ease. The weather was fine, and the turf in excellent order; the races went off with great harmony, and good order, and were attended by a larger concourse of people, than were ever assembled here upon any other occasion. The good order and decorum that prevailed during the week, was remarked by strangers that never before visited us.

N. B. The track measuring three feet from the inner railing, forty-four yards short of amile.

JOHN H. OFFUTT, Sec'y.

BORDENTOWN (N. J.) RACES,

Over the Montpelier course, spring meeting, 1835, commenced Wednesday, April 15,

First day, with a sweepstake for three year olds, mile heats—seven entered, three started.

J. Davison's b. f. Fanny Jarman, by Henry, dam by Hickory,	3	1	1
J. Black's ch. f. by Talma, dam Ostrich,	-	2	2
S. B. Camp's ch. c. Palafox, by Leopold, dam Flower,	-	1	3

Time, 2m. 15s.—2m. 8s.—2m. 11s.

May 12th, purse \$200, two mile heats.

J. Holmes' ch. c. Oliver, by May Day, dam by John Richards,			
four years old,	-	-	1 1
J. Van Mater's ch. c. Morris, by Eclipse, dam Grand			
Dutchess, four years old,	-	-	2 2
A. Irvins' ch. f. Caroline Richards, by John Richards, dam by			
Oscar, five years old,	-	-	3 3

D. Palmer's b. m. Katy Cruser, by John Richards, dam by Sir Solomon, five years old, - - - 4 4

J. Davison's b. f. Fanny Jarman, by Henry, dam by Hickory, three years old, - - - dis.

Time, 4m. 7s.—4m. 3s.

May 13th, purse \$300, three mile heats.

J. Van Mater's g. h. Powhatan, by Monsieur Tonson, dam Iris, five years old, - - - 4 1 1

J. H. Helling's g. h. Blueskin, by Medley, out of the dam of Industry, five years old, - - - 5 4 2

J. Alston's b. h. Daniel O'Connell, by John Richards, dam by Escape, five years old, - - - 3 3 3

J. Davison's b. m. Queen Dido, by John Richards, dam by Duroc, aged, - - - 2 2 4

J. H. Holmes' br. c. Stranger, by Valentine, dam by Defiance, four years old, - - - 1 5 dr.

Time, 6m. 7s.—6m. 3s.—6m. 28s.

May 14th, purse \$100, mile heats.

J. H. Helling's ch. m. Ecarte, by Eclipse, dam by Hickory, five years old, - - - 4 1 1

P. C. Stryker's b. c. Abert, by Monmouth Eclipse, dam by Spread Eagle, four years old, - - - 1 2 2

A. Irvin's ch. m. Lady Lance, by Lance, dam by Oscar, 3 3 3

J. V. Schenk's b. m. Mary Jane, by John Richards, dam by Oscar, four years old, - - - 2 4 dr.

Time, 2m. 17s.—2m. 4s.—2m. 4s.

Same day, a sweepstake, mile heats, for Bolivar colts, \$50 entrance, h. f.

J. Davison's b. c. Daniel Webster, three years old, 2 1 1

R. & S. Jaques' b. f. May Dacre, three years old, - 1 2 2

A. Pearson's g. c. Martin Van Buren, three years old, - bolt.

Time, 2m. 10s.—2m. 11s.—2m. 17s. Our course is not calculated for making time, having two hills and rather a clayey soil, it rained all day the last day and the track was very heavy. It has been accurately measured, and is within ten feet of a mile.

J. DAVISON, Sec'ry.

TRENTON (N. J.) RACES,

Over the Eagle course, first spring meeting, 1835, commenced Tuesday April 21.

First day, sweepstake for three year old colts and fillies, mile heats—subscription \$200 each, forfeit \$50—six subscribers—four started.

W. Livingston's b. f. Itasca, by Eclipse, dam Betsey Ransom, 87lbs. - - - 2 1 1

Daniel Abbot's c. f. by Lance, dam by Revenge, 87lbs. 1 2 2

Jacob Vandike's gr. f. Woodbine, by Henry, dam by Oscar, 3 3 3

S. B. Camp's ch. c. Palafox, by Leopold, dam by Duroc, 90lbs. dis.

Time, 1m. 57s.—1m. 54s.

Same day, purse \$200, mile heats, best three in five.

Mr. Craig's ch. m. Ecarte, by Eclipse, dam by Hickory, five years old, 111lbs. - - - 3 1 1 1

Mr. Laird's b. h. Henry Archy, by Henry, dam by Eclipse, seven years old, 126lbs. - - - 1 3 2 2

D. P. Palmer's b. m. Katy Cruser, by John Richards, dam by Sir Solomon, five years old, 111lbs. - - - 4 4 3 3

J. H. Van Mater's gr. h. Shamrock, by Tormentor, dam by Hickory, seven years old, 126lbs. - - - 5 2 4 b.d.

H. B. Harrison's ch. f. I Know, by Henry, dam by Duroc, four years old, 101lbs. - - - 2 dis.

Time, 1m. 58s.—1m. 55s.—1m. 57s.—1m. 54s.

Second day, purse \$200, three mile heats.

Samuel Laird's b. c. Mingo, by Eclipse, dam by Ratler, four years old, 104lbs.	-	-	-	-	1	1
J. C. Craig's gr. h. Blueskin, by Medley, out of the dam of Industry, five years old, 114lbs.	-	-	-	-	5	2
J. Davison's b. m. Queen Dido, by John Richards, dam Nettletop, by Duroc, seven years old, 123lbs.	-	-	-	-	4	3
J. H. Van Mater's ch. m. Telltale, by Orphan Boy, dam by First Consul, seven years old, 123lbs.	-	-	-	-	3	4
J. H. Holmes' br. c. Stranger, by Valentine, dam by Defiance, four years old, 104lbs.	-	-	-	-	2	dr.

Time, 3m. 56s.—3m. 54s.

Same day, colts' purse, \$150, free only for three year olds.

J. C. Craig's b. f. by Valentine, dam by Hickory,	-	-	1	1
J. Davison's br. f. Fanny Jarman, by Henry, dam by Hickory,	2	2		

Time, each heat, 2m.

Third day, purse \$500, three mile heats.

Capt. Stockton's b. h. Monmouth, by John Richards, dam Nettletop, five years old, 114lbs.	-	-	-	1	1
W. Livingston's gr. m. Alice Grey, by Henry, dam Sportsmistress, by Hickory, six years old, 118lbs.	-	-	-	2	2

Time, 5m. 52s.—6m. 1s.

Same day, purse \$150, two miles out.

J. H. Holmes' ch. c. Oliver, by May Day, dam by John Richards, four years old, 104lbs.	-	-	-	-	1
S. Laird's b. f. Clara Howard, by Barefoot, dam Alarm, four years old, 101lbs.	-	-	-	-	2
J. H. Van Mater's ch. h. Tyro, by Tormentor, dam by Expedition, five years old, 114lbs.	-	-	-	-	3
Capt. Stockton's ch. c. Morris, by Eclipse, out of the dam of Business, four years old, 104lbs.	-	-	-	-	4

Time, 3m. 52s.

O. BAILEY, Sec'y.

ST. FRANCISVILLE, (Lou.) RACES,

Spring meeting, 1835, commenced on Wednesday, April 22.

First day, Jockey Club purse \$600; four mile heats.

John G. Perry, (Col. R. Smith's) b. c. Powhatan, three years old, by Arab, dam by Oscar, 86lbs.	-	-	-	2	1	1
Col. A. L. Bingham's g. f. Lucetta, three years old, by Jerry, dam (imp.) by Blacklock, 83lbs.	-	-	-	1	2	2

Time, 8m. 29s.—8m. 51s.—8m. 59s.

The course had been lately laid out and ploughed up,—and a continued fall of rain on a day or two preceding the 22d, had rendered the track very tough and heavy. The first three miles of the first heat, were severely contested, each alternately ahead, when Powhatan, at near a quarter past the stand in the fourth mile, bolted on the outside. He ran off at near a right angle, some eighty or a hundred yards, and came to a *stand still*, was then turned, brought into the track, and saved his distance by an effort of bottom and speed which was astonishing to all, particularly, as the rider on Lucetta endeavoured to post him. The horse was run so hard, that a rattling in his throat could be heard at a distance of thirty paces, from which he recovered so soon, however, that he was able to win the second and third heats with much ease.

Second day, Jockey Club purse, \$400, three mile heats.

Col. Bingham's b. f. Chuckfahila, four years old, by Bertrand dam the sister of Remus, 97lbs.	-	-	-	-	1	1
Col. R. Smith's b. f. Pocahontas, three years old, by Sir William, dam by Oscar, 83lbs.	-	-	-	-	2	2

Time, 8m. 11s.—8m. 12s.

The course on the 23d, had improved. Chuckfahila won the first heat with apparent ease, coming in ahead some forty feet, and under a pull. The second heat was more of a contest—Pocahontas ran under the spur from the first jump, and gave more than satisfaction at the game she evinced. It was known that she had been trained down, and but little expectation of any thing like a contest was entertained among the “knowing ones;” yet in the second heat she was not beaten more than half a length. Many supposed from the manner in which Chuckfahila was rode, that she won the second heat easily, but it certainly unfitted her for the run she made on the last day.

Third day, Jockey Club purse, \$300, two mile heats.

Mr. John G. Perry's Red Maria, four years old, by Bertrand, dam by Pacolet, 97lbs. - - - - - 1 1

Col. Bingaman's Rebecca Smith *alias* Betsey Roushlow, three years old, by Arab, dam by Conqueror, 83lbs. - - - - - 2 dis.

This race excited uncommon interest, as an inside stake of \$5,000 aside depended on the issue. It was to be run by brag nags, of the relative speed of which much doubt and uncertainty prevailed. The inside stake was placed at Natchez some five weeks since for \$5,000, a part to be run on the St. Francisville course, coupled with a stake of \$2,000, to be run, two miles out, within a week or ten days from the time on the Natchez course. On the day of the race at Natchez, Rebecca Smith won with great ease.—The result of that race, taken in connexion with the additional fact that Rebecca had been tried with, and was proven to be a better animal than Hard Heart, two miles, established a bouge in her favour, which on the day of the race on this turf caused an odds of two to one against Red Maria. Many persons of discernment in such matters, however, had “strong faith” in the latter, and cheerfully tendered a golden support to their opinions. Large sums were risked on the odds, and great was the disappointment as to the issue. For the first mile and a half the race was very spirited and doubtful, each animal going at a killing pace, and both riders willing to make it a trial of speed as well as bottom. Six hundred yards of the stand on the last mile Rebecca suddenly flung up, and came in about twenty yards behind. In justice to Rebecca it should be known, that ever since she had left home she had had a bad cough, and in consequence of it, had lost the benefit of nearly a week in exercise. When the two were brought to the starting post, many observed and remarked that Rebecca was visibly in worse condition than her antagonist. It is maintained by some who backed her, that she choaked at the point where she failed so suddenly. Red Maria on her part, evinced game and speed of no ordinary kind. The time of running being 3m. 53½s. first heat, 3m. 55s. second heat, was considered to be equal to any, for the condition of the track, which was rather fit for exercise than trials of speed. The second heat was a close contest again for the first mile, when Rebecca suddenly made the signal of surrender, and was reined up behind the distance pole.

Fourth day, Jockey Club purse, \$500, consisting of the entrance money of the three preceding days, mile heats, three best in five.

Red Maria, b. f. four years old, by Bertrand, dam by Oscar, 97lbs. - - - - - 1 1 1

Chuckfahila, b. f. four years old, by Bertrand, dam, sister of Remus, - - - - - 2 2 2

Time, 1m. 55s.—1m. 54s.—1m. 54s.

It was perceived as soon as Chuckfahila was brought on the track, that she was in no plight for hard work. When uncovered she was sweating profusely, and otherwise appeared to be much relaxed. The appearance of Red Maria on the other hand, was enough to inspire confidence—none who had not seen it, would have believed that she had done wonders the

day before. It was a clear case of odds in her favour, yet as freely as they had been offered on the preceding days none were proposed.

The St. Francisville Jockey Club, on its present basis, has not been organized longer than four months. Every disposition is felt, and every effort will be made to place it on an elevated footing, and we do not despair of seeing, at no distant period, coursers from all parts of the union meet here to contend for our purses, which, without doubt, will be much increased at the next meeting.

C. HARALSON, Sec'y.

FLORENCE, (Ala.) RACES,

Spring meeting, 1835, commenced on Thursday, April 23.

First day, a sweepstake, one mile out—\$100 entrance—for three and four year olds.

N. Davis' ch. f. by Gift, dam by Timoleon, three years old,	1
L. B. Allen's g. c. Tornado, by Washington, dam by Sir Archy,	2
A. H. Mason's ch. f. Galert, by Ratler, dam by Sir Peter Teazle,	3

Second day, a sweepstake for colts and fillies, three years old—\$100 entrance—one mile out.

N. Davis' g. c. Delancy, by Gift,	-	-	-	-	1
J. Jackson's ch. f. by Leviathan,	-	-	-	-	2
L. B. Allen's b. f. Tempe, by Marshal Ney, dam by Truxton,	-	-	-	-	3
W. Bromley's g. c. by Jerry, dam by Sir Peter Teazle,	-	-	-	-	4

Third day, two mile heats—entrance \$200, half forfeit—three year olds.

T. Kirkman's ch. f. by Leviathan, dam White Feathers, by Conqueror,	-	-	-	-	3	1	1
J. C. Beasley's b. f. by Pacific, dam by Wonder,	-	-	-	-	4	2	2
N. Davis' ch. c. Palladium, by Leviathan,	-	-	-	-	1	3	dr.
J. H. Jenkins' bl. f. by Leviathan, dam Lady Brunswick,	-	-	-	-	2	-	dr.

Time, 4m. 16s.—4m. 22s.—4m. 36s.

NEW YORK JOCKEY CLUB RACES, UNION COURSE.

The second spring meeting commenced on Tuesday, June 2d, with gratifying prospects of sport that the proceedings of the week have fully realized. The day was auspicious, though cloudless and warm. A great majority of the people were keeping themselves in reserve for Thursday and Friday, so that the opening day was not so numerously attended as usual, though we seldom have seen the sporting world better represented. The anticipations of fine racing were much enhanced by the knowledge of the safe arrival of several crack stables from Virginia, Maryland, and New Jersey, in the vicinity of the course.

The "ball was opened," and the sport commenced with the novel and untried experiment of running two year old colts a single half mile, to which there were ten subscribers—privileged to start any number from the same stable. Entrance \$100, half forfeit—the proprietor to give a silver cup to the winner.

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. John C. Stevens, names, produce of Romp, by Henry.
2. do. " produce of Lady Jackson, by Henry.
3. do. " produce of Janette, by Henry.
4. R. F. Stockton, " his imported colt, by Chateau Margaux.
5. do. " produce of Charlotte Pace, by Medley.
6. do. " produce of his Hickory mare, by Medley.
7. W. Livingston, " produce of Golia's dam, by Henry.
8. John C. Craig, " produce of Arietta, by Medley.
9. I. S. Snedecor, " produce of Star mare, by Sir Charles.
10. R. L. Stevens, " English filly, by Muley, dam Caprice.

Five started but were not placed; Mr. Stevens' colt, the produce of Romp, by Henry, took the purse.

Time, 54s.

The winner, Borodino, is one of the most beautiful animals we ever saw. He was bred by Walter Livingston, Esq. and sold last fall to his present owner, John C. Stevens, Esq.

The match for \$2,000 aside, mile heats, between Mr. Botts' Gohanna colt (winner of the sweepstakes the first meeting) and the Eclipse colt, out of the Bedford mare, did not come off, the latter paying forfeit.

Second race, a sweepstakes, mile heats, entrance \$200.

J. Bathgate's ch. c. Doctor Syntax, by Eclipse, dam Saluda,	1	1
Daniel Abbot's ch. f. Orelia, by Lance, dam Revenge,	3	2
Wm. M'Coun's b. c. by Eclipse, dam Grasshopper,	2	3

Time, 1m. 50s.—1m. 53s.

Doctor Syntax the favourite against the field.

Second day, purse \$300, two mile heats,

J. Bathgate's ch. c. Cadmus, four years old, by Eclipse,	2	1	1
Mr. Jones' ch. c. Islander, four years old, by Eclipse,	1	3	2
W. R. Johnson's ch. c. Philip, four years old, by Janus, dam			
by Trafalgar,	3	4	3
J. C. Stevens' ro. f. Floranthe, four years old, by Eclipse,	1	2	4
S. Bradhurst's gr. c. Speculation, four years old, by Henry,	dis.		

Time, 3m. 50s.—3m. 47s.—3m. 47s.

Col. Johnson's high reputation is almost enough of itself to make his horses favourites, and Philip having just won laurels at Baltimore, was decidedly the favourite against the field, although Floranthe was expected to win the first heat, being considered for a single two miles, the best nag in the country. Mr. Coster, the owner of Cadmus, was very sanguine, and backed his opinion freely.

Third day, purse \$500, three mile heats.

J. C. Stevens' b. f. Clara Howard, four years old, by Barefoot,	1	1
S. Laird's b. h. Henry Archy, aged, by Henry,	3	2
W. R. Johnson's b. h. Charles Kemble, five years old, by Sir		
Archy,	2	3

Wm. Gibson's b. f. Merry Gold, four years old, by Barefoot, was entered but did not appear at the call. The odds before starting one hundred to fifty on Charles Kemble against the field. A better contested race was never run over the Union course.

Fourth day, Jockey Club purse, \$1,000, four mile heats.

W. R. Johnson's b. f. Julianna, four years old, by Gohanna,	1	1
J. Alston's br. c. Tarquin, four years old, by Henry,	2	2
S. Laird's (Gen. Irvine's) b. c. Mingo, four years old, by Eclipse,	3	dis.

Time, 8m. 8s.—8m. 12s.

The odds were generally in favour of Julianna previous to the start; Mingo had backers. They both had distinguished themselves recently, and the admirers of each had great confidence.

[N. Y. Spirit of the Times.

LEXINGTON, (Ken.) RACES,

Spring meeting, 1835, over the Association course, commenced May 20.

First day, a sweepstake, \$200 entrance, h. f.—two miles out—seven subscribers—for three year olds. Five forfeits.

Mr. Ward's b. f. by Cherokee, dam Susan,	1
Col. W. Buford's b. f. by Kosciusko, dam Peggy Stuart,	2

Time, 3m. 58s.

Same day, a sweepstake, mile heats, \$100 entrance, h. f.—four subscribers—for three year olds. One forfeit.

A. C. Scott's ch. c. by Ratler,	-	-	-	-	-	1
John Cunningham's b. f. by Bertrand,	-	-	-	-	-	dis.
Thomas Barker's b. c.	-	-	-	-	-	dis.

Time, 1m. 56s.

Second day, a stallion stake for three year olds, \$100 entrance, p. p.—three subscribers. One forfeit.

Mr. Davenport's Greyfoot, by Trumpator, dam by Hamiltonian,	1	1
J. Hutchcraft's c. f. by Bertrand, dam Devil,	2	2

Time, 4m. 20s.—4m. 16s.—Track very heavy.

Same day, poststake for three year olds, mile heats, \$50 entrance, p. p.—eight subscribers.

Mr. James K. Duke's c. c. by Waxey, out of the dam of Cherry Elliot,	-	-	-	-	-	1	1
Davis Thompson's b. f. by Columbus, dam by Stockholder,	-	-	-	-	-	2	2
L. Sanders Jr.'s b. c. by Seagull, dam Old Crop,	-	-	-	-	-	6	3
Jefferson Scott's b. f. by Contract, out of the dam of Caroline, by Wild Medley,	-	-	-	-	-	5	4
A. Cunningham's b. f. by Bertrand, dam by Darnaby's Diomed,	-	-	-	-	-	4	5
James Erwin's c. f. by Hephestion, dam by Director,	-	-	-	-	-	3	6
S. Burbridge's b. c. by Seagull, dam by Whip,	-	-	-	-	-	7	dis.
E. Warfield's b. f. by Sidi Hamet, dam Susan Hicks, by Virginian,	-	-	-	-	-	-	dis.

Time, 1m. 54s.—1m. 58s.—Track as yesterday.

Third day, a poststake, free, three mile heats, p. p.—\$200 entrance. One forfeit.

R. Burbridge's b. c. by Hephestion,	-	-	-	-	-	1	1
J. Ward's b. c. by Bertrand,	-	-	-	-	-	2	2

Time, 6m. 23s.—6m. 26s.—Rain last night.

Same day, a match race, mile heats, \$200.

Thomas Garrard's b. h. Webster, five years old, by Muckle John, dam by Tiger,	-	-	-	-	-	1	1
D. J. Clarkson's b. f. Lady Washington, four years old, by Bucephalus, dam by Tiger,	-	-	-	-	-	2	dis.

Time, 2m. 3s.—2m. 4s.

Fourth day, a poststake for four year olds, two mile heats—three subscribers—\$200 entrance, p. p.

G. N. Sander's c. f. Susan Schroeder, by Sumter, dam Old Crop,	1	1
Robert Burbridge's g. f. Sarah Miller, by Cherokee, dam by Whipster,	-	-
Junius Ward's c. f. Lady Scott, by Tiger, dam unknown,	-	2 dr.

Time, 3m. 58.—Track still heavy.

Same day, a poststake for three year olds, two miles out, for a pair of silver pitchers worth \$210—six subscribers.

G. N. Sander's c. f. Fanny Wright, (owned by L. Smith,) by Bertrand, dam Turpin's Virginia mare,	-	-	-	-	-	1
G. L. Pryor's c. c. Dicky Chin, by Sumter,	-	-	-	-	-	2
E. Warfield's c. f. Rachel Cunningham, by Saladin, dam by Sea Serpent,	-	-	-	-	-	3
J. Scott's g. c. by Contract,	-	-	-	-	-	4
S. Burbridge's b. f. by Waxey,	-	-	-	-	-	dis.
J. Erwin's c. c. by Columbus,	-	-	-	-	-	dis.

Time, 3m. 51s.—Track improved.

The Association has passed a resolution making the weights and distances on this course correspond with those of the Central Course, to take effect at the ensuing fall meeting. It is desirable that a like arrangement should be made throughout the Union.

T. H. PINDELL, *Prest.*

WASHINGTON CITY JOCKEY CLUB RACES.

Spring meeting, 1835, commenced Tuesday, May 12th.

First day, first race, a sweepstake for three year olds, mile heats, subscription \$100, h. f.—four subscribers—two started.

Col. James M. Selden's b. c. by Sir Charles, dam by Sir Francis
Burdett, - - - - - 1
Jacob Powder, Jr's. ch. c. by Forester, dam Forest Maid, - dis.
Time, 1m. 59s.

Same day, second race, for the Washington plate, value \$500, two mile heats.

Col. Wm. L. White's ch. c. Sir Philip, four years old, by Janus,
dam by Trafalgar, - - - - - 1 1
Col. James M. Selden's ch. c. Troubadour, five years old, by
Monsieur Tonson, dam by imp. Wonder, - - - 2 2
Time, 4m. 2s.—4m. 1s.

Second day, for the Proprietor's purse, \$400, three mile heats.

Col. James M. Selden's b. c. Mazeppa, four years old, by Hot-
spur, dam by Francisco, - - - - - 1 1
James S. Garrison's b. f. Sally Eubanks, four years old, by
Roanoke, dam by Constitution, - - - - - 4 2
Col. Wm. L. White's b. m. Lady Connah, five years old, by
imp. Valentine, dam (sister to Sir Walter) by Hickory, - 2 3
Gen. Geo. Gibson's b. f. Azalia, four years old, by Mambrino,
dam by Ratler, - - - - - 3 dis.
Time, 5m. 51s.—5m. 48s.

Same day, second race, a sweepstakes for the Proprietor's plate—subscription \$25, mile heats.

Col. Wm. L. White's gr. c. Fulton, four years old, by Medley,
dam by Virginian, - - - - - 2 1 1
Charles S. W. Dorsey's ch. f. Nelly Webb, four years old, by
Industry, dam by Young Post Boy, - - - 1 2 2
H. G. S. Key's b. c. three years old, by Gohanna, - dis.
Time, 1m. 52s.—1m. 55s.—2m. 2s.

Same day, third race, for a splendid gold mounted Whip, one mile out, by saddle horses, rode by members of the club.

Mr. L. W. Washington, - - - - - 1
Mr. Daniel Boyd, - - - - - 2
Col. Broom, - - - - - 3
Mr. George Forsyth, - - - - - 4

Third day, a sweepstake for three year olds, mile heats, for the breeders' plate, value \$100, given by the proprietor, (no subscription)—five subscribers—four started.

George L. Stockett's bl. c. Cippus, by Industry, dam by Mark
Antony, - - - - - 2 1 1
Edward J. Hamilton's ch. f. by American Eclipse, out of
Sir Edward's dam, - - - - - 1 2 2
Jacob Powder, Jr's. b. c. by Forester, - - - 3 dis.
Gov. Sprigg's b. c. by Industry, dam out of Mr. Bowie's
Northampton mare, - - - - - dis.

Time, 1m. 57s.—Second heat no time was kept, owing to a bad start, by which Mr. Hamilton's filly lost near one hundred and fifty yards, and Mr. Powder's nearly the same.—Third heat 2m. 3s.

Fourth day, Jockey Club purse, \$700, four mile heats.

Col. Wm. L. White's b. f. Julianna, four years old, by Go-
hanna, dam by Sir Archy, - - - - - 1 1

James S. Garrison's b. h. Hanslap, five years old, by Washington, dam by Sir Archy, - - - - - 2 2
 Col. James M. Selden's b. m. Florida, six years old, by Contention, dam by Francisco, - - - - - 3 b. d.
 Time, 7m. 51s.—7m. 59s.

Fifth day, for the Proprietor's purse, \$100, mile heats, three best in five.

James S. Garrison's ch. c. Keno, four years old, by Ivanhoe, 3 1

Capt. Y. N. Oliver's ch. g. - - - - - 1 2 dr.

Richard Porter's b. g. - - - - - 2 dis.

F. S. Myer's b. h. Columbus, five years old, by Rob Roy, dam unknown, - - - - - 4 dis.

Dr. King's ch. g. - - - - - dis.

After the second heat Capt. Oliver's horse was drawn, consequently the purse was awarded to Keno.

It will be observed, that such good time as was made in the four mile heats by Julianna, the best heat run this spring, and by Mr. Dorsey's Industry filly, both in their first heat, was *never* made on this course; and that Mazeppa, after a capital first heat, run the second within one second of the best three mile heat, ever made upon the course. Philip ran the first mile of his second heat in 1m. 53s. within one second of the Industry filly's time. Besides the excellence of the horses, their superior speed may be ascribed to the improved condition of the course, which has already become, perhaps, the most fashionably attended of any in the country.

W. J. STRATTON, Sec'y.

OXFORD, (N. C.) RACES,

Spring meeting, 1835.

There was no sweepstakes made up for the first day:

Second day, Wednesday, May 13th, Proprietor's purse, \$250, two mile heats.

Wm. McCargo's r. c. Leach, four years old, by Sir Charles, dam by Midas, - - - - - 1 1

Cephus Hutson's b. g. Wicked Will, five years old, by Contest, 3 2

Major Davie's b. f. Mary Alston, four years old, by Washington, dam by Napoleon, - - - - - 2 dr.

George Goodwyn's b. c. Climax, four years old, by Marion, dam by Sir Archy, - - - - - 4 dis.

Time, 3m. 59s.—3m. 59s.

Third day, Jockey Club purse, \$450, three mile heats.

Wm. McCargo's b. h. Prophet, by Gohanna, dam by Bagdad, 1 1

Major Davie's Souter Johnny, by Marion, dam by Sir Archy,* 2 dis.

Cephus Hutson's b. g. Wicked Will, by Contest, - 3 dr.

Time, 6m. 10s.—6m. 25s.

Fourth day, handicap purse, \$100, with the entrance and gate money.

Major Davie's Mary Alston, - - - - - 1 1 1

Wm. McCargo's Leach, handicapped 10lbs. - - - - - 2 2 dr.

Time, 1m. 55s.—1m. 57s.

MEMUCAN HUNT, Sec'y.

KENDALL JOCKEY CLUB RACES.

The first spring meeting over this new and splendid course commenced on Tuesday, May 26, 1835, and continued four days.

First day, Proprietor's purse, \$200, two mile heats; free only for horses bred or owned in Maryland and the District of Columbia—in case of more

* Souter Johnny fell whilst ahead, running the third mile, and threw his rider.

than three starting, the second best to be refunded his entrance money out of the purse.

J. Sleeper, (T. R. S. Boyce's) b. c. Joshua, four years old, by Gohanna, dam by Eclipse Herod, 100lbs. 5 4 0 1 1

Richard Porter's ch. m. Maid of the Neck, five years old, by Maryland Eclipse, dam by Windflower, 107lbs. 4 1 0 2 2

Thos. J. Godman's b. f. Camssidel, four years old, by Industry, dam Arethusa, by Sir Hal, 97lbs. - 1 2 dis.

Chas. S. W. Dorsey's ch. f. Nelly Webb, four years old, by Industry, dam by Young Postboy, 97lbs. 2 3 dis.

Thos. Warwick's br. c. by Monsieur Tonson, 3 dis.

Philip Wallis' b. m. Lubly Rosa, five years old, by Sir Archy, dam Equa, by imp. Chance, 107lbs. - dis.*

Time, 3m. 53s.—3m. 53s.—3m. 53½s.—4m. 19s.—4m. 8s.

One of the most interesting and closely contested races ever witnessed in Baltimore. The third heat a dead one between Joshua and the Maid of the Neck.

Second day, Proprietor's purse, \$400; two mile heats.

Wm. H. Minge's gr. h. Jesse, five years old, by Medley, dam by Spring Hill, 110lbs. - - - 2 5 1 1

John M. Botts' b. f. Rosalie Somers, four years old, by Sir Charles, dam by Virginian, 97lbs. - - - 1 2 4 2

O. P. Hare's ch. f. Nancy Blunt, four years old, by Sir Archy, dam by Alfred, 97lbs. - - - 5 3 2 r. o.

Richard Adams' b. c. Alp, four years old, by Rockingham, dam by Tom Tough, 100lbs. - - - 6 4 3 r. o.

Wm. R. Johnson's b. c. Vertumnus, four years old, by Eclipse, dam by Defiance, 100lbs. - - - 4 1 dis.

Wm. L. White's b. m. Lady Connah, five years old, by imp. Valentine, dam by Sir Walter, 107lbs. - 3 dr.

Jas. B. Kendall's b. h. John Henry, six years old, by imp. Valentine, dam by Chance Medley, 118lbs. - dis.

Time, 3m. 50s.—3m. 50s.—3m. 52.—3m. 59s.

Third day, Breeder's purse of \$100, given by the Proprietor, free only for colts and fillies three years old, bred and raised in Maryland, mile heats: where an entered nag does not run, the owner to pay \$20 forfeit.

T. R. S. Boyce's br. f. Rebecca Coleman, by imp. Apparition, dam by Ogle's Oscar, 83lbs. - - - 2 1 1

J. B. Kendall's b. f. by imp. Apparition, out of the dam of Anne Page, 83lbs. - - - 1 2 dr.

Thos. Warwick's ch. c. by John Richards, dam by Sir Alfred, 86lbs. - - - 3 3 dis.

Time, 1m. 55s.—1m. 57s.—2m. 20s.

P. Wallis' gr. f. Blanche of Devon, by Monsieur Tonson, was entered for this race, but proving lame did not start. Mr. Warwick's colt ran restive from the start in the third heat, and bolted when about half way round.

Same day, Proprietor's purse, \$100; two mile heats, entrance \$25, added to the purse.

Wm. R. Johnson's b. h. Sidi Hamet, five years old, by Eclipse, dam Princess, 110lbs. - - - 4 4 1 1

Wm. L. White's b. m. Lady Connah, - - - 2 1 2 2

* Lubly Rosa run for the avowed purpose of ascertaining whether the effects of the distemper had rendered her useless as a race nag, which proved to be the fact, she led three quarters of a mile and then "gave back," obviously owing to obstructed respiration.

Richard Adams' b. c. Alp,	-	-	-	5	2	3	r. o.
Thos. Warwick's b. m. Miss Patience, five years old, by Medley, 107lbs.	-	-	-	1	3	dis.	
O. P. Hare's ch. c. Dick Beasley, four years old, by Marion, dam by Virginian, 100lbs.	-	-	-	3	dis.		

Time, 3m. 52s.—3m. 52½s.—3m. 55s.—3m. 59s.

Fourth day, Jockey Club purse, \$1000; four mile heats.

Wm. R. Johnson's gr. m. Ironette, six years old, by Contention, dam by Packenham, 115lbs.	-	-	-	1	1
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O. P. Hare's b. f. Mary Lea, four years old, by Timoleon, dam by Sir Archy, 97lbs.	-	-	-	2	2
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Wm. L. White's gr. c. Fulton, four years old, by Medley, dam by Virginian, 100lbs.	-	-	-	3	dr.
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Time, 8m. 14s.—8m. 6s. Track heavy from a shower of rain which fell a few hours before the race.

Previous to which a match was run between Chas. G. Lyon's colt Pelham, by Flying Childers, dam by Duroc, and Jas. B. Kendall's b. c. Pythias, by Gohanna, dam by Bellair, both four years old—and won by the former, in two heats.

The track has been carefully measured by a surveyor, and a committee appointed for the purpose, and found to be six inches short of a mile. The rules of the Maryland Jockey Club governed for this meeting. The course was numerously attended each day, and the races pronounced by all who witnessed them, unsurpassed by any ever seen in Baltimore.

GEO. F. MILLER, *Sec'y.*

PITTSBURG (Pa.) JOCKEY CLUB RACES,

First Spring meeting, 1834, commenced Tuesday, May 26.

First day, \$200, four mile heats.

C. Thompson's b. c. Enciero, four years old, by Star, dam by imported Eagle,	-	-	-	2	1	1
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Mr. Lindsay's b. h. O'Connell, six years old, by Tariff, dam by Stranger,	-	-	-	3	3	2
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John T. Zeilley's b. h. Indian, five years old, by Orphan Boy, dam by Dinwiddie,	-	-	-	4	2	3
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Dr. C. Coryell's g. h. Zeluco, five years old, by Pirate, dam by Consul,	-	-	-	1	4	dr.
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Time, 8m. 29s.—8m. 45s.—8m. 50s.

The first heat Dr. Coryell's grey horse very nearly distanced the field, and it was thought by many, that had the track been in good order, he would have done so easily.

O'Connell was entirely too fat, and did not appear to run any thing like as well as formerly; besides, all the horses appeared to be making a dead set at him, and he was only forced reluctantly to yield to adverse circumstances. The winning horse Enciero, is from Virginia, and appeared in good plight; he is a remarkably promising nag. It should be mentioned in justice to the other horses, that on the third mile a mistake occurred by the riders of O'Connell and Indian, that probably had some effect on the result. This mistake was in pulling up at the end of the third mile, mistaking it for the fourth and last, and thus placing a distance between Enciero and themselves, to the advantage of the first of at least one hundred and fifty yards. As it was, they ran up nearly to him, and so they came out.

Second day, \$150, three mile heats.

John T. Zeilley's g. f. Effy, four years old, by Pirate, dam by Consul,	-	-	-	-	-	1	1
H. Gallagher's ch. m. Utility, five years old, by Post Boy, dam by Duroc,	-	-	-	-	-	2	2
E. Hutchins' ch. h. John Bolton, five years old, by John of Roanoke, dam by Post Boy,	-	-	-	-	-	3	3
A. Lindsay's b. h. Highlander, six years old, by Eclipse, dam by Duroc,	-	-	-	-	-	4	4

Time, 6m. 33s.—6m. 33s.—Track heavy.

Third day, \$100, two mile heats.

C. Thompson's b. g. Andrew,	-	-	-	-	-	2	1	1
H. Gallagher's ch. f. Allegro,	-	-	-	-	-	1	2	dr.
John T. Zeilley's ch. m. Katy Fisher,	-	-	-	-	-	3	3	dr.
Wm. Small's b. f. Nameokea,	-	-	-	-	-	4		dis.

Time, 4m. 10s.—4m. 13s.

Fourth day, \$150, best three in five, mile heats.

C. Thompson's b. h. Enciero,	-	-	2	1	2	4	4	1	1
E. Hutchins' b. f. Matilda Ann,	-	-	3	3	5	1	5	3	2
H. Gallagher's c. f. Utility,	-	-	1	2	1	3	2	2	3
J. T. Zeilley's g. f. Effy,	-	-	5	4	3	2	3	4	4
Dr. Coryell's g. h. Zeluco,	-	-	4	5	4	5	1	5	5

Time, 1m. 56s.—1m. 56½s.—1m. 58s.—1m. 56s.—2m. 6s.—1m. 56s.—1m. 54s.

The Club had made every possible arrangement that would enhance the amusement and convenience of visitors and patrons of the turf, and nothing occurred during the four days to mar the sport. The weather, during part of the time, was wet and unpleasant, and in some degree affected the turn out of people on the occasion.

NASHVILLE, (Tenn.) RACES,

Spring meeting, 1835, commenced on Tuesday, May 26.

First day, a sweepstakes for colts and fillies, three years old, mile heats, entrance \$50, p. p.—seventeen subscribers, seven started.

H. Kirkman's ch. c. by Leviathan,	-	-	-	-	3	4	1
Thomas A. Pankey's ch. f. by Leviathan,	-	-	-	-	2	2	2
James Bass's gr. f. by Richard,	-	-	-	-	6	5	3
James Southall's b. c. by Stockholder,	-	-	-	-	5	1	dis.
L. L. Leavell's bl. f. by Childers,	-	-	-	-	1	3	dis.
Gen. Desha's gr. c. by Leviathan,	-	-	-	-	4	6	dr.
J. H. Hough's ch. c. by Kosciusco,	-	-	-	-			dist.

Time, 1m. 55s.—1m. 56s.—1m. 55s.

A beautiful and well contested race. Desha's colt was the general favourite, owing to his having performed well on two former occasions. Pankey's and Southall's had many backers, not only because of the fineness of these animals themselves, but also because the dam of the former was Sally Hope, and that of the latter by Conqueror; whilst the victor, Kirkman's colt *Wacosta*, by Leviathan, (out of the stable of Mr. James Jackson) was entirely overlooked and neglected, bets being freely offered and refused that he would be distanced.

Leavell's black filly, the smallest animal on the field, took the first heat in handsome style; so much so, as to induce many to believe that she would make short work of it by taking the second also, which she would

Richard Adams' b. c. Alp,	-	-	-	5	2	3	r. o.
Thos. Warwick's b. m. Miss Patience, five years old, by Medley, 107lbs.	-	-	-	1	3	dis.	
O. P. Hare's ch. c. Dick Beasley, four years old, by Marion, dam by Virginian, 100lbs.	-	-	-	3	dis.		
Time, 3m. 52s.—3m. 52½s.—3m. 55s.—3m. 59s.							

Fourth day, Jockey Club purse, \$1000; four mile heats.

Wm. R. Johnson's gr. m. Ironette, six years old, by Contention, dam by Packenham, 115lbs.	-	-	-	1	1		
O. P. Hare's b. f. Mary Lea, four years old, by Timoleon, dam by Sir Archy, 97lbs.	-	-	-	2	2		
Wm. L. White's gr. c. Fulton, four years old, by Medley, dam by Virginian, 160lbs.	-	-	-	3	dr.		
Time, 8m. 14s.—8m. 6s. Track heavy from a shower of rain which fell a few hours before the race.							

Previous to which a match was run between Chas. G. Lyon's colt Pelham, by Flying Childers, dam by Duroc, and Jas. B. Kendall's b. c. Pythias, by Gohanna, dam by Bellair, both four years old—and won by the former, in two heats.

The track has been carefully measured by a surveyor, and a committee appointed for the purpose, and found to be six inches short of a mile. The rules of the Maryland Jockey Club governed for this meeting. The course was numerously attended each day, and the races pronounced by all who witnessed them, unsurpassed by any ever seen in Baltimore.

GEO. F. MILLER, Sec'y.

PITTSBURG (Pa.) JOCKEY CLUB RACES,

First Spring meeting, 1834, commenced Tuesday, May 26.

First day, \$200, four mile heats.

C. Thompson's b. c. Enciero, four years old, by Star, dam by imported Eagle,	-	-	-	2	1	1	
Mr. Lindsay's b. h. O'Connell, six years old, by Tariff, dam by Stranger,	-	-	-	3	3	2	
John T. Zeilley's b. h. Indian, five years old, by Orphan Boy, dam by Dinwiddie,	-	-	-	4	2	3	
Dr. C. Coryell's g. h. Zeluco, five years old, by Pirate, dam by Consul,	-	-	-	1	4	dr.	
Time, 8m. 29s.—8m. 45s.—8m. 50s.							

The first heat Dr. Coryell's grey horse very nearly distanced the field, and it was thought by many, that had the track been in good order, he would have done so easily.

O'Connell was entirely too fat, and did not appear to run any thing like as well as formerly; besides, all the horses appeared to be making a dead set at him, and he was only forced reluctantly to yield to adverse circumstances. The winning horse Enciero, is from Virginia, and appeared in good plight; he is a remarkably promising nag. It should be mentioned in justice to the other horses, that on the third mile a mistake occurred by the riders of O'Connell and Indian, that probably had some effect on the result. This mistake was in pulling up at the end of the third mile, mistaking it for the fourth and last, and thus placing a distance between Enciero and themselves, to the advantage of the first of at least one hundred and fifty yards. As it was, they ran up nearly to him, and so they came out.

Second day, \$150, three mile heats.

John T. Zeilley's g. f. Effy, four years old, by Pirate, dam by Consul,	-	-	-	-	-	1	1
H. Gallagher's ch. m. Utility, five years old, by Post Boy, dam by Duroc,	-	-	-	-	-	2	2
E. Hutchins' ch. h. John Bolton, five years old, by John of Roanoke, dam by Post Boy,	-	-	-	-	-	3	3
A. Lindsay's b. h. Highlander, six years old, by Eclipse, dam by Duroc,	-	-	-	-	-	4	4

Time, 6m. 33s.—6m. 33s.—Track heavy.

Third day, \$100, two mile heats.

C. Thompson's b. g. Andrew,	-	-	-	-	-	2	1	1
H. Gallagher's ch. f. Allegro,	-	-	-	-	-	1	2	dr.
John T. Zeilley's ch. m. Katy Fisher,	-	-	-	-	-	3	3	dr.
Wm. Small's b. f. Nameokea,	-	-	-	-	-	4		dis.

Time, 4m. 10s.—4m. 13s.

Fourth day, \$150, best three in five, mile heats.

C. Thompson's b. h. Enciero,	-	-	2	1	2	4	4	1	1
E. Hutchins' b. f. Matilda Ann,	-	-	3	3	5	1	5	3	2
H. Gallagher's c. f. Utility,	-	-	1	2	1	3	2	2	3
J. T. Zeilley's g. f. Effy,	-	-	5	4	3	2	3	4	4
Dr. Coryell's g. h. Zeluco,	-	-	4	5	4	5	1	5	5

Time, 1m. 56s.—1m. 56½s.—1m. 58s.—1m. 56s.—2m. 6s.—1m. 56s.—1m. 54s.

The Club had made every possible arrangement that would enhance the amusement and convenience of visitors and patrons of the turf, and nothing occurred during the four days to mar the sport. The weather, during part of the time, was wet and unpleasant, and in some degree affected the turn out of people on the occasion.

NASHVILLE, (Tenn.) RACES,

Spring meeting, 1835, commenced on Tuesday, May 26.

First day, a sweepstakes for colts and fillies, three years old, mile heats, entrance \$50, p. p.—seventeen subscribers, seven started.

H. Kirkman's ch. c. by Leviathan,	-	-	-	-	3	4	1
Thomas A. Pankey's ch. f. by Leviathan,	-	-	-	-	2	2	2
James Bass's gr. f. by Richard,	-	-	-	-	6	5	3
James Southall's b. c. by Stockholder,	-	-	-	-	5	1	dis.
L. L. Leavell's bl. f. by Childers,	-	-	-	-	1	3	dis.
Gen. Desha's gr. c. by Leviathan,	-	-	-	-	4	6	dr.
J. H. Hough's ch. c. by Kosciusco,	-	-	-	-			dist.

Time, 1m. 55s.—1m. 56s.—1m. 55s.

A beautiful and well contested race. Desha's colt was the general favourite, owing to his having performed well on two former occasions. Pankey's and Southall's had many backers, not only because of the fineness of these animals themselves, but also because the dam of the former was Sally Hope, and that of the latter by Conqueror; whilst the victor, Kirkman's colt *Wacousta*, by Leviathan, (out of the stable of Mr. James Jackson) was entirely overlooked and neglected, bets being freely offered and refused that he would be distanced.

Leavell's black filly, the smallest animal on the field, took the first heat in handsome style; so much so, as to induce many to believe that she would make short work of it by taking the second also, which she would

have done but for the want of size and strength, as she decidedly had the heels of the whole field. Southall's colt took the second heat, and now became the favourite of the crowd. Pankey's running both heats in such a manner as to sustain her friends in the hope that she would still obtain the victory, and Bass' also contended respectably for every heat. Desha's colt was now withdrawn, and the third heat commenced, with appearances very much in favour of Southall, whilst Pankey's was the only colt who was thought to have a chance for the victory, when *behold*, Wacousta, whom no one had thought of, waked up, lead the field, took the heat in handsome style, and obtained the purse as well as the laurels, as Southall and Leavell were distanced, and Pankey and Bass, though not distanced, not having taken a heat in three, were obliged to be withdrawn, according to the rules of the turf.

Second day, a sweepstakes for three year old colts and fillies, \$100 entrance, mile heats—three subscribers, two started.

G. W. Parker's gr. c. O'Connell, by Sir Henry Tonson, dam by		
imp. Sir Harry,	-	1 1
Wm. Bass' bl. f. Salome, by Leviathan, dam by Bagdad,	-	2 2
Time, 2m. 10s.—1m. 59s.		

Owing to the heavy rain that fell during the night, the track in many places, was ankle deep in mud and water.

Third day, a sweepstake for three year old colts and fillies, \$100 entrance, mile heats—four subscribers, three started.

James Jackson's ch. f. by Leviathan, dam by Marshal Ney,	2	1	1
B. Peyton's b. f. by Leviathan, dam by Sir Archy,	-	1	2 2
John Crow's g. c. by Richard, dam by Conqueror,	-	3	3 3
Time, 1m. 55s.—1m. 51s.—1m. 58.—Course rather heavy.			

A handsome and well contested race. Peyton's was decidedly the favourite before starting; and the bets were mostly on her against the field.

After the colt race, a match race was run for \$500 a side, mile heats, between Mr. Bass' b. c. by Havoc, dam by Conqueror, and Gen. Desha's Angora, by Leviathan, dam Patty Puff, by Pacolet.

This was one of the most interesting races seen for a long time over our course. Angora was the favourite. Both run the whole mile from the start, and the contest was very close, each evidently running for the heat, which was taken by Bass. Angora took the second heat with ease, and galloped the third, Bass' colt not starting.

Fourth day, Proprietor's purse \$200, and entrance, two mile heats; free for all ages.

G. W. Parker's g. c. O'Connell, by Sir Henry Tonson, dam by		
imp. Sir Harry,	-	1 1
James Jackson's ch. c. Go it Jerry, by Jerry, four years old,	-	4 2
L. P. Cheatham's b. f. Adria, by Pacific, four years old,	-	2 dis.
P. W. Long's b. f. Gazelle, by Arab, four years old,	-	3 dis.
Time, 4m. 5s.—3m. 57s.		

Foot Race.—A race against time took place at Thompson, in Connecticut, a few days since. The bet was that the individual could not run one hundred rods in that number of seconds. He performed the distance in eighty-five seconds.

[*Albany Argus.*]

TURF REGISTER.

MR. EDITOR:

I am pleased to see in your work the pedigrees of the best American brood mares, after the form of the English Stud Book, with their produce below. From an excellent article in your fourth volume, giving Contention's pedigree in full, with apposite remarks on the manner of stating a pedigree, and the reasons wherefore, I collate the following, in regard to a distinguished family:

DARE DEVIL mare, Irby's, foaled 1792; she was got by imp. Dare Devil; her dam by Wildair, (the dam of Schedoni, a famous racehorse, best son of Dare Devil, and of Agnes, also called the Thrift mare, by Bellair; the dam of Cupbearer, best son of Florizel;) grandam Piccadilla, by Batte and Mac-lin's Fearnought—Godolphin—imp. Hob Nob—imp. Jolly Roger—imp. Valiant—Tryall, son of imp. Traveller.

Woodpecker, by Dragon, (a very fleet horse.)

Snake.

Calypso, by Bellair.

Laurel, by Bellair.

Thaddeus, by Florizel, (a capital racer.)

Contention, ch. foaled 1815, by Sir Archy, (a capital horse.)

Reap Hook, by Sir Archy.

Burstall, by Shylock, (a capital racer.)

Weazle, by Shylock, (the dam of Betsey Archer, Multa Flora, and another mare by Sir Archy, and a mare by Monsieur Tonson.)

Both Piccadilla, and the Wildair mare, sometimes called the Thrift mare, a name transferred to her daughter Agnes, had much fame as brood mares. They were never trained. Several of the get of the former were of great promise, but were cut off prematurely.

A SUBSCRIBER.

The following have been furnished for publication by John C. Goode, Esq. of Mecklenburg, Va.

JANEY, a ch. m. raised by J. C. Goode, of Mecklenburg, Va. foaled in the year 1810; was got by imp. Archduke, her dam by imp. Stirling; grandam by imp. Obscurity, out of Miss Slammerkin, by imp. Wildair, out of the imp. Cub mare—Wildair and the Cub mare both imp. by Col. Delancy, of New York.

Janey was an ungovernable creature, and obtained the name of the wild mare—she could never be rode even to her death, and lived to be twenty-two years old. All hope of doing any thing with her had been abandoned for some years by her breeder, when an overseer, short of horses to seed a crop of wheat, proposed to break her to work, to which her owner readily consented—she proved to be a most remarkable plough nag; but the plougher had always to lead her from place to place. In 1820 she was put to horse merely to see whether she would breed.

Her produce:

1821, ch. c. by Lauriston, (a fine gelding.)

1822, br. f. by Virginian, (died at four years old.)

1823, missed to do.

1824, b. c. Ivanhoe, by do.

1825, b. f. Polly Hopkins, by do.

1826, missed to do.

1827, ch. c. Hyazim, by Sir Archy.

1828, missed to Eclipse.

1829, br. c. Inaugural, by Arab.

1830, b. c. Gen. Hopkins, by Monsieur Tonson.

1831, ch. c. Myclipper, by Cadmus.

VIRGIN, a beautiful, strong ch. m. raised by Mr. Wm. Bayley, of Lunenburg, Va. she was got by the noted racehorse Shylock, (he by

imp. Bedford, out of a mare by imp. Diomed.) her dam by imp. Bedford; her grandam by Pot8o's, (he by imp. Shark, out of a mare by imp. Flimnap;) her g. grandam by Bellario; (Bellario, by Mercury, dam by Mark Antony, &c.) Belmerino, (he by imp. Clockfast,)—Batte and Macklin's Young Fearnought, by imp. Fearnought, out of an imp. mare.

Her produce:

- , ch. c. by Constitution.
- 1825, b. c. Cadmus, by Sir Archy.
- 1829, b. f. Bon Mere, by do.
- 1830, ch. f. Kitty Minge, by do.
- 1831, ch. f. by Timoleon.
- 1832, missed to Hyazim.
- 1833, ch. c. by do.
- 1834, missed to Hedgford, (lost it.)
- 1835, supposed when sold to be in foal to Hedgford.

Old SIR ARCHY mare, raised by Mr. Hubard Wyatt, Greenville, Va. (age not recollected,) was sold by him to Mr. Thos. Booth, of Oxford, and by him to J. C. Goode, of Mecklenburg, Va. her dam the famous race mare Carolina, by imp. Saltram, raised by Marmaduke Johnson, Esq. and was out of his old race mare, by imp. Medley, (dam of Reality, Vanity, &c.) she out of a Centinel, imp.—imp. Janus—imp. Janus—imp. Monkey—imp. Silvereye.

This mare slipped several colts before she fell into the hands of J. C. Goode, she was thought weakly and uncertain by her former owners; and in fact was tender and delicate in her constitution; and is one of the many instances, which has impressed a deep conviction upon the mind of J. C. Goode, that a full sister, never trained, is vastly to be preferred as a breeder, to a mare too frequently trained and run. Lady Lightfoot may be quoted as an exception; but it is asked where is there another of old Black Maria's produce—she a stronger and more durable mare; the Archy mare was, however, put

by Goode, in 1824, to horse, and produced in

- 1825, ch. f. Calliope, by Virginian.
- 1826, missed to Virginian.
- 1827, ch. f. Vinvella, by Contention.
- 1828, b. f. by Monsieur Tonson, (died in the fall.)
- 1830, b. f. by Trumpator.

She died shortly after at Mr. S. Davenport's, near Danville, Ken.

CALLIOPE, a chestnut mare fifteen and three quarter hands high; was bred by John C. Goode, Mecklenburg, Va. and foaled in the year 1825: was got by the noted race-horse and stallion Virginian, her dam by Sir Archy; grandam (Caroline,) by imp. Saltram; g. grandam by imp. Medley, (dam of Reality, Vanity, &c.)—imp. Centinel—imp. Janus—imp. Janus—imp. Monkey—imp. Silvereye.

Her produce:

- 1831, ch. c. Coline, by Arab.
- 1832, ch. c. Dunton, by Hyazim.
- 1833, missed to Hyazim.
- 1834, b. f. Eastlana, by Hedgford.
- 1835, b. c. Inglewood, by Hedgford. Most promising.

VINVELLA, ch. m. full fifteen hands high, also raised by John C. Goode, Inglewood, Mecklenburgh, Va. and foaled in the year 1827; she was got by Contention; her dam by Sir Archy—imp. Saltram—imp. Medley—imp. Centinel—imp. Janus—imp. Janus—imp. Monkey—imp. Silvereye, (sister to the above.)

- 1832, ch. c. by Hyazim, (died at two days old.)
- 1833, missed to Hyazim.
- 1834, slipped a colt, Hedgford.
- 1835, not in foal, not put, being from home.

TRUMPATOR mare, b. foaled 1830, raised by Mr. Samuel Davenport, Danville, Ken. who took the old mare to raise on half stocks, dam by Sir Archy, as above.